THE

EFFUSIONS

OF THE

HEART.

THE EFFUSIONS OF THE HEART

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THE

EFFUSIONS

OF THE

HEART:

POEMS.

BY

MISS STOCKDALE.

K.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,

TO

HER MAJESTY.

Whoever thinks a faultleſs piece to ſee,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er ſhall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compaſs more than they intend;
And if the means be juſt, the conduct true,
Applauſe, in ſpite of trivial faults, is due. POPE.

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1798.

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THE EFFUSIONS OF THE HEART.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

QUEEN'S

MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,

THE FOLLOWING

POEMS

ARE HUMBLY DEDICATED,

BY

HER MAJESTY'S

MOST OBLIGED, OBEDIENT,

AND DUTIFUL SERVANT,

MARY R. STOCKDALE.

HONOR'D by royal ſanction, I preſume
With trembling hand to guide an untaught plume.
A virgin muſe, unus'd in courts to ſing,
To thee, O QUEEN, would fain her offerings bring;

Dictates of virtue, they are void of art,
The genuine "Effusions of the Heart:"
Breath'd forth in sighs, written with silver tears,
I fear they're far too sad for CHARLOTTE's ears.
Yet how can Grief on Joy's light pinions soar,
Or Sorrow swell the strain of mirthful lore?
Or can a maid, the votary of Care,
Tune her soft lyre to Pleasure's sportive air?
Ah no!—but, ere I quit the Muse's lays,
I'd wish to CHARLOTTE peace and length of days;
That long belov'd she may her people bless,
Dispense around her joy and happiness,
With GEORGE, our much-lov'd sov'reign, by her side,
Dread of his foes, a loyal people's pride:

Her

Her royal offspring be more priz'd for worth,
Than all the pomp of ſplendor, riches, birth.
And when, O QUEEN, thy fleeting breath
ſhall ceaſe,
May angels bear thee to the realms of peace:
Then ſhall our CHARLOTTE claim a true
renown,
And change an earthly for a heavenly crown.

Piccadilly,
New-year's day, 1798.

TO THE

READER.

UNKNOWN in the annals of Fame, and unſeen in the giddy whirl of Faſhion, the Child of Solitude has penned, in many a penſive moment, "The Effuſions of the Heart."

Reader, if here thou expecteſt to find the deluſive tongue of Flattery, or the flow of pompous

pompous words which avail nothing, lay down the book; it is not written for thee: but if the precious precepts of mild Religion, ſoft Humanity, meek-eyed Charity, and Fellow-feeling, ever warmed thy breaſt, fear not—take it up; for in it thou ſhalt find thy own ſentiments recorded.

Art thou the Child of Misfortune? has Sorrow been the inmate of thy boſom? has thy ſympathetic heart ever learned to ſigh over the troubles of a beloved friend? or doſt thou yet weep over one who, ſhrouded for ever in the cold, the ſilent tomb, has now paid the debt, the awful, the certain debt of mortality?

If

If ſorrows, ſuch as theſe, have afflicted thy tender breaſt, this little Volume is written for thee: though its numbers may not boaſt the high-flown powers of language, or the ſtudied refinement of poetical imagery, yet the more humble and unobtruding charms of ſimplicity, the delights of innate virtue, and the endearments of pure friendſhip, may be more conducive to harmony, and make them yet more ſweet.

To conclude: whatever may be the faults of the following Poems (which were originally written without any intention of their ever meeting the public eye; for "I ſat "down to write what I thought, not to "think what I ſhould write"), permit me to ſay,

ſay, with a well-known and reſpectable author, that "If they do no honor to my head, "I truſt they will not be thought to reflect "diſcredit on my heart."

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PASTORALS.

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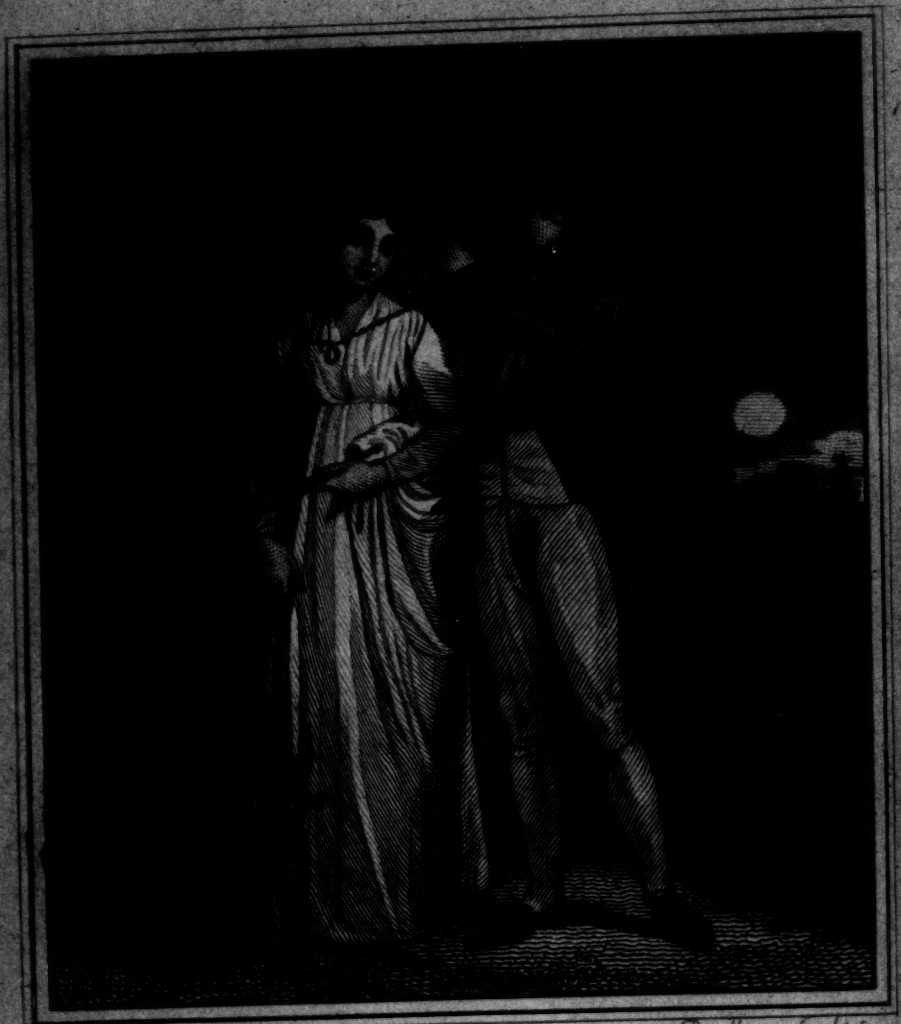
HENRY

HENRY & MARY.



Stothard del.

Dadley. Sculp.

No fine flowing language I here interweave,
The device is expressive and true;
This breast is too honest, my fair, to deceive,
And the rim simply says, 'I love you'.

Pub. Dec. 2. 1797. by I. Stockdale, Piccadilly.

HENRY AND MARY.

A TALE.

Inſcribed to HENRY JAMES PYE, *Eſq. Poet Laureat.*

AT the foot of a tree which ivy had bound,
On a green moſſy bank ſat a maid;
While ſportive and innocent lambs wanton'd round,
And ſweet warblers enliven'd the glade.

Expreſſion was mark'd in each trait of her face,
Which had more of the lily than roſe;
Her mouth without guile, was the temple of grace,
And her eyes were yet blacker than ſloes.

Both cypreſs and myrtle her forehead adorn,
As it lean'd on her ſnowy white arm,
Which reclin'd on a tomb, that early this morn
She had ſtrew'd o'er with thyme from yon farm.

Her light auburn treſſes, ſo graceful to view,
Fell in ringlets around her fair neck;
Her long flowing robe of a delicate hue,
A black cord and ſmall taſſel bedeck.

Her conſtant companion now play'd at her feet,
And with frolicſome gambols eſſay'd
Again his fair miſtreſs's notice to meet,
Whoſe kind pat his affection repaid.

But vain was each effort he took, to invite
The regard of the ſorrowful fair;
Her breaſt, which ſo late was the ſeat of delight,
Now appear'd the abode of deſpair.

Though long time neglected, he yet tried once more
The fair maiden's attention to gain;
He lick'd her white hand as he oft had before,
And then howl'd forth a dolorous ſtrain.

All alarm'd with the ſound, ſhe rais'd her dark eyes,
Where the big drops were tremblingly hung,
And partly reliev'd by ſome deep heartfelt ſighs,
She firſt touch'd her ſoft lute, and then ſung.

" O! where

" O! where is thy maſter? my tender *Fidelle*,
" Canſt thou find out the dear favor'd youth
" Who us'd in that Gothic old caſtle to dwell,
" While devoted to me and to truth?

" How manly his figure, how noble his air!
" How devoid were his lips of all guile!
" The poor were accuſtom'd his riches to ſhare;
" Grief and pain were made light by his ſmile.

" No one at his door e'er was ſuffer'd to ſtand,
" Ev'ry pilgrim he'd gladly receive;
" But now they have loſt their protector and friend,
" Alas! who will their ſorrows relieve?

" How delightful the taſk to riſe with the day,
" And to viſit the ruſtic's abode;
" Where Health and Contentment their comforts diſplay,
" And each heart with ſoft rapture o'erflow'd!

" Or to ſtray by the ſide of ſome murmuring ſtream,
" Which meanders the valley along,
" While the bright ſetting ſun ſtill lends a laſt beam,
" And ſweet nightingales ſing a ſoft ſong.

" One eve, arm in arm, I remember it well,
" As we hied to the villager's cot,
" Where Peace and her children delighted to dwell,
" A young gipſy would tell us our lot.

" Amid this thick wood, near a ſmall blinking flame,
" She was careleſsly humming a ſong,
" Till, hearing our ſteps, ſhe exclaim'd, 'That youth's name
" Will be your's, lovely maid! ere it's long.'

" My face with deep crimſon was inſtantly died;
" He was pleas'd with the words which ſhe ſpoke,
" And, ſeizing my hand, ſaid, 'You give me a bride;
" So here's money to buy a new cloak.'

" She curtſied her thanks, as we haſted away,
" And he handed me over the ſtile;
" I think, in my life, I ne'er ſaw him ſo gay,
" Ev'ry word was forerun by a ſmile.

" But falſe were her words, and deceitful her tongue;
" That bright day I was never to ſee;
" Though I thought I ſhould then, and Hope fondly hung
" On the ſound, for 'twas muſic to me!

" When

" When we came from our walk, yon great maſſy rock
" Was embelliſh'd with tinges of gold;
" The ſhepherd was driving his innocent flock,
" To incloſe them ſecure in the fold.

" The plough-boy was quietly pacing tow'rds home,
" And the milk-maid was croſſing the lawn;
" Fatigued with my walk, though accuſtom'd to roam,
" When arriv'd at this bank I ſat down.

" ' My poor honeſt Fidelle,' thy maſter then ſaid,
" ' For the future attend on my fair;
" Call forth all thy courage, and ne'er be afraid
" To protect her when I am not near.'

" The moon was juſt peeping, the wood to adorn,
" When in tendereſt accents he cried,
" ' Aſſur'd of thy love, may I hope, in the morn,
" To embrace, in dear Mary, my bride?'

" With a faltering tongue, I anſwer'd him, ' Yes.'
" He exclaim'd, as he help'd me to riſe,
" ' I'll hold myſelf ever your debtor for this,
" And endeavor to merit the prize.'

" Then taking a miniature warm from his heart,
" He ſaid, ' 'Tis an image of me;
" For my ſake, I know you will ne'er from it part,
" It was painted on purpoſe for thee.

" ' No fine flowing language I here interweave,
" The device is expreſſive and true;
" This breaſt is too honeſt, my fair, to deceive,
" And the rim ſimply ſays, ' I love you.'

" As he utter'd theſe words, the locket he hung
" To my neck by a chain of pure gold;
" How quick flew the moments! the nightingale ſung,
" And how ſweet was the tale that he told!

" But ſhort was the time I was deſtin'd to feel
" The ſoft pleaſures ariſing from love;
" Where, alas! is the balſam has power to heal
" The keen heart-rending pangs which I prove?

" While I ponder the tale, it awakens my grief;
" But, ah! when were my ſorrows aſleep?
" I wander about without finding relief,
" And am deſtin'd to ſigh and to weep.

" Tran-

" Tranquillity fled inſtantaneous away;
" Awful ſtillneſs prevail'd, moſt profound;
" Bright Luna no longer illum'd with her ray;
" Utter darkneſs encompaſs'd us round.

" The rain fell in torrents, the thunder loud roll'd,
" Then the firmament ſeem'd all on fire;
" How dreadful the ſcene for our eyes to behold,
" And the proſpect, alas! now how dire!

" Poor Henry ſeem'd anxious 'bout nothing but me;
" His coat over my ſhoulders he plac'd;
" In vain I refus'd; he ſaid, 'Life without thee
" Would appear but a deſolate waſte.'

" Quite weary, the caſtle at length we attain;
" Heartfelt welcomes attend at the door;
" The ſteps we aſcend; but, ere entrance we gain,
" My lov'd Henry, alas! is no more!

" The lightning tremendous depriv'd him of breath:
" On his lips quiver'd, 'Mary farewell!'
" I ſaw him, O heavens! the victim of Death;
" What I then felt no language can tell.

" I know not the reſt, all remembrance was loſt;
" It was long, very long, ere reſtor'd!
" While yet in life's bloom, my fond wiſhes were croſt;
" When recover'd, this wood I explor'd.

" I found out the tomb where my Henry was laid,
" Which I mark'd as my future retreat;
" Then ſat myſelf down on this bank in the ſhade,
" When I'd ſtrew'd it with flowers ſo ſweet."

Thus ending, the lute ſhe replac'd at her ſide,
And the locket drew forth from her breaſt;
Then ſighing, " O Henry," in anguiſh ſhe cried,
" This torn boſom is deeply oppreſt!"

She quitted the image, ſo cheriſh'd, ſo dear,
Rais'd her eyes to her future abode;
With uplifted hands, her face wet with a tear,
As ſhe knelt, ſhe exclaim'd, " O my God!

" Look down in thy mercy, a ſolace impart
" To the breaſt which thy terrors congeal;
" 'Tis thou who haſt wounded with ſorrow my heart,
" And thy power alone can it heal!"

Scarce finiſh'd this pray'r, ere tranquillity ſeem'd
New poſſeſſion to take in her breaſt;
Her eyes a ſoft fervor benignant now beam'd,
While her thoughts ſhe thus ſweetly expreſt:

" Though happineſs here is no longer my lot,
" Yet I've riches and gold in great ſtore;
" I'll cheriſh the orphan that mourns in the cot,
" Then Contentment will ſmile at my door.

" The fortune bequeath'd by lov'd Henry to me,
" Still ſhall ſmile upon Poverty's head;
" Shall dry up the tears of the widow, and free
" The ſlave by captivity led.

" In ſoothing the cares of the children of grief,
" I ſhall find a ſure balm for my woes;
" How pure are the pleaſures which give ſuch relief,
" And how tranquil will be my repoſe!

" Thus lov'd I ſhall live, and regretted ſhall die,
" When ſtern death at laſt fixes my doom;
" The poor will all weep as my corpſe paſſes by,
" And my friends will engrave on this tomb,

THE EPITAPH.

" Stop, paſſenger, ſtop! and remark a fond pair,
" In whoſe breaſts ev'ry virtue entwin'd;
" They ſuccour'd the widow, the orphan did rear;
" In a word, they were friends to mankind."

THE

OPERA HOUSE.

AN ELEGY.

Inſcribed to the Rev. Sir ADAM GORDON, *Bart.*

THE following lines are founded on a circumſtance which happened at the Opera Houſe in the Haymarket, January 16, 1796.

A ſoldier who was placed on one ſide of the ſtage (where he was obliged to remain many hours on guard, without altering his poſition), overpowered by fatigue, fell down, to all appearance, lifeleſs, and in that ſtate was dragged off the ſtage.

This melancholy accident has, however, put an end to the barbarous cuſtom.

ONE ſmiling eve, led by the gay,
I left my father's cot,
Awhile in pleaſure's paths to ſtray,
And ſeek each flowery ſpot.

We

We London's city ſoon eſpied,
And mixt with old and young,
Where youths unnumber'd often ſlide,
Deceiv'd by Folly's throng.

But now a lofty dome appear'd
Of a majeſtic ſize,
Where numbers ev'ry moment ſteer'd,
While joy beam'd from their eyes.

What's that? we cried; were quickly told
The Opera Houſe 'twas nam'd;
And if each gave a piece of gold,
They'd ſee this place ſo fam'd.

As ſoon as ſaid, ſo ſoon 'twas done;
The portals open'd wide;
Each by the novelty was won,
And gaz'd from ſide to ſide.

We took our ſeats amidſt a crowd
Of dreſſy belles and beaux;
The brilliant luſtres ſhining round,
New elegance diſcloſe.

The waving plumes of different dies,
Blue, yellow, red, and green,
With white and black, to view ariſe,
And make a motley ſcene.

And now the noble painted roof
Preſents itſelf to view;
But ev'ry thing here ſtood aloof,
For up the curtain drew.

Semiramis, with ladies fair,
In robes of white were ſeen;
No ornament except their hair,
That's bound with chaplets green.

The Queen of Babylon was ſhe,
And though of great renown,
" Peace is not always prov'd to be
" The attendant of a crown."

But while from troubles only feign'd,
This moral pure I drew,
Reality attention gain'd;
I ſaw what was too true.

A ſol-

A ſoldier who, like ſtatue made,
Upon the ſtage to ſtand,
Not daring, till ſuperiors bade,
To move a foot or hand,

Now lifeleſs fell, and I exclaim'd
In agony, " He's dead!
" Is this the promis'd pleaſure gain'd?
" For this my home I fled?

" To ſee a fellow-creature die
" By ſore fatigue oppreſt;
" No friend to cloſe his fading eye,
" Or calm his troubled breaſt."

Scarce knowing what I ſaid, I cried,
" O take me, take me hence!"
The anſwer was, " Think not he died,
" 'Twas only a pretence.

" You ſee there's no one round about
" That's overcome like you;
" Recall thoſe ſmiles, and to each thought
" Diſtreſſing bid adieu!"

This

This thoughtleſs ſpeech had not the charm
To chaſe away my grief;
But while I ponder'd o'er the harm,
Tears came to my relief.

In vain I beg, in vain I pray,
To leave the diſmal ſight,
Where nought to me can joy diſplay,
Or longer yield delight.

Each ear was deaf to ev'ry ſound,
Except of mirth and glee;
They could not leave the enchanted ground!
Ah! they felt not like me!

Finding myſelf thus forc'd to ſtay,
I ſank upon my ſeat;
And while I mus'd o'er ſorrow's ray,
My heart in concord beat.

I ponder'd o'er the unfeeling race
That round me were diſplay'd,
And ſigh'd to think that Beauty's face
With heart of ſtone was made.

I wonder'd much a human breaſt,
So flinty hard could be,
As not to feel for the oppreſt,
And wiſh to ſet them free.

Though all around had chas'd their fear,
And each care ſeem'd forgot,
I paid the tributary tear,
And mark'd the diſmal ſpot.

O, how I wiſh'd I could have ſav'd
The ſoldier poor and weak;
But on my heart that ſcene has grav'd
What language cannot ſpeak.

Sometimes I thought a tender mate,
In ſorrow's cutting ſtrain,
Lamented o'er his ſudden fate,
All agoniz'd with pain.

Her infant claſp'd to her ſad breaſt,
Does but increaſe her woe;
" Sweet babe," ſhe cries, with mind diſtreſt,
" Thou'lt ne'er thy father know."

Sometimes I thought an aged pair
Were weeping o'er his grave,
With many a look of dire deſpair
On him they could not ſave.

" Pride not yourſelves, ye wealthy few,
" Nor look on him with ſcorn;
" He's made of fleſh and blood like you,
" Although ignobly born!

" And you, ye fair of Britain's iſle,
" O let it not be told,
" That you, unmov'd, could thoughtleſs ſmile,
" And ſuch a ſcene behold!

" You! who could weep o'er tragic plays
" Preſented to your view!
" You! who could weep o'er plaintive lays
" You knew to be untrue!

" And could not ſhed one generous tear,
" Or heave one tender ſigh,
" For a poor youth who waits his bier,
" Who falls before your eye!

" The unfeeling breaſt, O Pride, be thine!
" I aſk a nobler part!
" In preference to a golden mine,
" Grant me a feeling heart!

" If I have ever wiſh'd for more
" Than what I now poſſeſs,
" It was to ſuccour honeſt poor,
" And to relieve diſtreſs.

" But, O! if when we gain the power,
" We loſe the wiſh to give,
" O, to my laſt, my dying hour,
" Let me not wealth receive!

" For rather would I humble be,
" With heart of virtuous mould,
" Than empreſs over earth and ſea,
" With vices great enroll'd!"

While thus to Heav'n I rais'd a pray'r,
My gay companion calls;
The midnight clock ſounds through the air,
And down the curtain falls.

With

With joy I roſe to leave a ſpot,
For which I'd paid ſo dear,
To ſeek again my lowly cot,
And friends whom I revere.

Though late the hour, and dark the night,
I found my much-lov'd home;
I ſaw the taper's glimmering light,
And vow'd no more to roam!

When on my pillow laid at reſt,
I mus'd o'er trouble paſt;
Grateful my heav'nly Father bleſt,
Who brought me ſafe at laſt;

Forgiveneſs humbly aſk'd for all
I'd ever done amiſs,
And hop'd his aid 'gainſt worldly thrall
Would me prepare for bliſs.

While from my quiv'ring lips the pray'r
Did fervently ariſe,
Faith whiſper'd ſoft, "You'll glory ſhare,"
And ſlumber clos'd my eyes.

THE

TURTLE DOVE.

AN ELEGY.

PLEASURES vain, your ſmiles deny me,
All deluſion, empty ſhow!
Haſte, ye airy bubbles, fly me;
Tir'd of Hope, I'll bid her go.

Once, indeed, I fondly claſp'd her,
While my breaſt ſuppreſs'd the ſigh,
Chid the thought of each diſaſter:
Fool! to think that bliſs was nigh.

But no more the falſe deceiver
Shall lie lurking in my heart;
Penſive, ſad, I wander ever,
Forc'd from all I love to part.

Once,

Once, ah me! ſhe ſmooth'd my pillow,
Clos'd my eyes in ſweet repoſe;
But I now muſt wear the willow,
Wreath'd in plaits around my brows.

I was doom'd the child of ſorrow
From the moment of my birth;
And, who knows, before the morrow,
May be laid in mother earth.

By the ſide of ſome clear riv'let,
On a moſſy bank reclin'd,
To the murmurs of the ſtreamlet
I'll go paint my wounded mind.

Hapleſs, perhaps, ſome widow'd dove,
With broken heart and drooping wing,
Mourning in gentle coos her love,
May liſten to the woes I ſing.

Now the foliage of the wood,
Late the ſeat of fond delight,
Nor the choiceſt favorite food,
Longer can her taſte invite.

On a branch in that green myrtle,
In the boſom of yon grove,
Happy ſat our conſtant turtle,
Cooing to the "voice of love."

But when firſt ſhe ſaw him drooping,
Ev'ry little art ſhe tried;
'Twas in vain! his head firſt ſtooping,
From the perch he fell, and died.

Then ſhe moan'd in wild diſtraction
O'er her dear and faithful mate,
Whoſe well-known and fond affection
Oft had ſooth'd the ills of fate.

Ev'ry verdant grove and valley
Echo'd to the mournful ſound:
But, poor bird! in vain you tarry;
He's not power to quit the ground.

Now regard the widow'd mourner,
She is cov'ring him with leaves;
Now ſhe watches o'er her lover,
Perch'd amidſt yon cypreſs trees.

Come, poor bird, nor fear a ſtranger;
I, like you, am left forlorn;
Doom'd to be a wand'ring ranger,
From a firſt affection torn.

In my boſom you ſhall neſtle;
I'll partake thy ev'ry grief;
Not a northern blaſt ſhall whiſtle,
But I'll ſtrive to give relief.

Hapleſs mourner, my attention
Never can thy peace reſtore;
The attempt to chaſe affection,
Only makes us love the more.

See already, while I ponder,
Nature's chords are broke in twain;
She is ſtretch'd, ah! view her yonder,
Freed from ev'ry ſenſe of pain.

'Twas too much; her feeble nature,
Overpower'd, reſign'd its breath;
And the conſtant, tender creature,
Soon became the prey of death.

Late, in playful manner moving,
Dreſs'd in feather'd plumage gay;
Now what woful changes proving!
Happineſs, how ſhort thy ſtay!

Was there nought of rapture warmer,
That to thee could joy dilate?
Was there nothing left to charm her
Hidden in the book of fate?

No! 'twas vain to ſeek for pleaſure,
Groves and vallies pain impart;
When ſhe'd loſt her only treaſure,
Grief ſoon broke her wounded heart.

Why, ſweet bird, ſhould I, in ſadneſs,
O'er your fate lamenting pine,
When it is a ſource of gladneſs,
If compar'd with woe like mine?

Sorrow now muſt always hover
O'er this weak and feeble frame;
Nought to me can joy diſcover,
Death alone could eaſe my pain.

Come, ſweet gueſt, for you I languiſh,
Haſte to calm this troubled breaſt;
Chaſe the ſource of all my anguiſh,
Cloſe my eyes in peaceful reſt.

Hapleſs, perhaps, ſome lov'd connexion,
Following the mournful bier,
May, with looks of fond affection,
To my mem'ry drop a tear;

And, while o'er my grave-ſtone bended,
Exclaim with a heartfelt ſigh,
Mary, dear! thy woes are ended;
May I learn like thee to die!

AN

ELEGIAC ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

Written at Midnight.

IN vain, bright Moon, you ſhine; thy placid beam
Can never calm this ſunk, deſponding heart:
Loſt, ever loſt, to every pleaſing dream,
I anxious wait for Time's unerring dart.

When this weak frame, where hope no longer glows,
Shall ſink regretted to the wiſh'd-for tomb,
Some tender friend ſhall theſe ſad eyelids cloſe,
And drop a tear o'er Mary's hapleſs doom.

My pillow, water'd with the ſilver dew,
Supports awhile my woe-diſtracted head;
But Slumber bids theſe grief-worn orbs adieu,
And Sorrow hovers nightly round my bed.

Thus

Thus like a flower unſeen I pine away,
The roſes bloom on my wan cheeks no more,
I drag my ponderous chain from day to day,
And ſigh for liberty on yonder ſhore;

Where in the arms of Peace I yet may taſte
That reſt which Providence denies me here,
Forget the ſorrows of this dreary waſte,
And ſhed no more the bitter-anguiſh'd tear.

O Heaven, direct, illume my gloomy road,
And lead me to that ſweet, that bleſt abode.

THE SIGH.

A LOVE ELEGY.

GO, penſive Sigh, nor ever trouble more
This fond, this faithful heart, which lov'd ſo true:
Ah no! return; you ſav'd it once before,
Or it had burſt ere it had cried Adieu!

While oft on my ſad pillow courting reſt,
A prey to grief, to ſorrow, and to pain,
'Tis thou haſt calm'd the anguiſh of this breaſt,
And bid it learn to live and glow again.

Yet go; for what art thou, that I ſhould court
Thee, the companion and the child of woe?
Shall I for comfort and for eaſe reſort
To thee?—O no! Go, penſive wanderer, go.

But

But no! ah, ſtay! for thou to me art dear,
Dear as the port is to the ſeaman's view;
Dear as to me the ſympathetic tear,
Which wets the eyelids with the moiſten'd dew.

Now fond remembrance paints in glowing ſhades
Thoſe happy days for ever loſt to me,
When roving in my dear paternal glades,
I was a ſtranger both to love and thee.

There long encircled in a mother's arms,
The tender darling of a father's cares,
I liv'd ſecure from all the dire alarms
Which envy, poverty, or ſorrow ſhares.

Alas, how chang'd! late in my native plains,
With ſweet contentment ſmiling on my face,
The pride, the joy of all the village ſwains,
But now deſpoil'd by grief of every grace.

When down my cheek the unbidden tear would fall,
'Twas not the gem of grief, but pity's boon;
The ſigh that heav'd my breaſt was for the thrall
Of thoſe who linger'd under miſery's doom.

Alas!

Alas! I little thought how ſoon my lot
Would claim the tear I ſhed for others' woe;
How ſoon condemn'd to leave my favorite cot,
Where erſt my heart was wont with joy to glow!

Ah me! how tranſient were thoſe bliſsful hours,
When faithful friendſhip's charms with love unite
To ſtrew my path with odoriferous flowers,
And waft me to the regions of delight.

No heartfelt ſighs, unwelcome gueſts, intrude,
To rob me of the pleaſures of my youth;
No cutting blaſt of envy, whiſpering rude,
Came to moleſt my modeſt fame and truth.

How ſoon, alas! thoſe halcyon days have wing'd
Their haſty flight, far, far away from me!
My tuneful harp will never more be ſtring'd
To love and joy beneath my favorite tree.

Where now are all the ſweets, O too fond maid,
Preſented to thy view in life's fair morn?
In yonder tomb thy brighteſt hopes are laid,
And thou art left to mourn thy lot forlorn.

O ſigh no more, fond heart; but boldly dare
To break, and eaſe one wretched of her grief;
Free her at once from ſorrow and from care;
O quick adminiſter the kind relief!

Haſte, haſte, and give the ſovereign healing balm;
All trouble and all ſorrow then ſhall ceaſe;
Nature at length will ſink into a calm,
And bind my brow with wreaths of laſting peace.

And yet, profane, doſt thou then dare repine
At the all-juſt decree of Providence?
Where is that purity of thought divine,
Which deck'd thy face with virgin innocence;

Which beam'd ſo mildly in thy radiant eyes,
And mark'd thee as the hope of every friend,
Exalted thy great worth to diſtant ſkies,
And e'en to Miſery an example lend?

Ah no! my thoughts might ſwerve, by grief oppreſt,
And ſigh to leave this wretched load of clay;
But ſtill ſhall Reſignation calm this breaſt,
And Fortitude ſupport me on my way:

Till

Till Patience, aided by Time's certain flight,
Shall bear me to the manſions of repoſe,
Lull all my cares aſleep in endleſs night,
And lead me where the ſoul with rapture glows.

Yes, innate virtue ſtill this heart controls;
The wicked only can have cauſe to fear:
No venom'd guile within this boſom rolls;
'Tis pure, 'tis juſt, 'tis upright and ſincere.

Then welcome to my breaſt, thou faithful Sigh;
Here thou ſhalt heave till I have prov'd my doom,
Till every pulſe ſhall ceaſe to beat, and I
Deſcend regretted to the ſilent tomb.

RETROSPECTION.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

Written at Guildford.

BENEATH, O weeping willow,
Thy ſweet ſequeſter'd ſhade,
Here on a moſs-grown pillow
I lay my troubled head.

The bugle-horn ſoft ſounding,
Lulls care in fancy's dream;
While little lambs are bounding
Acroſs the rilling ſtream.

Their frolic gambols playing,
Excite a tranſient ſmile;
While yonder milk-maid ſtraying,
Trips lightly o'er the ſtile.

The ploughman homeward bending
His courſe both blithe and gay,
Ne'er wiſhes to be ſpending
His life in other way.

Contented with his ſtation,
He envies not the great;
Purſues his occupation,
Aſſiſted by his mate;

Whoſe ſweet and ſimple manners
Firſt won his youthful heart;
And under Hymen's banners
He ſought to cure his ſmart.

He found her faithful ever,
A friend ſincere and true,
Employing each endeavour
To gild life's chequer'd view.

Now oft he looks with pleaſure
Toward yon village ſpire,
Where he receiv'd the treaſure
Of his fond heart's deſire.

Two boys more freſh than roſes
Now haſten o'er the floor,
While one ſweet girl with poſies
Awaits him at the door.

Now view the little creatures;
They each his looks invite;
While in the father's features
You ſee pourtray'd delight.

He claſps the happy mother,
Imprints a tender kiſs,
While beaming eyes diſcover
The fulneſs of his bliſs.

Ah ſource of pureſt pleaſure,
When ſouls congenial meet,
Find each in each a treaſure,
And harmony complete!

But whither do I wander?
That lot muſt ne'er be mine;
Alone I penſive ponder,
Or weep at Sorrow's ſhrine.

Once Hope deceitful ſmiling,
Led my fond heart aſtray;
While Fancy, care beguiling,
Foretold a brighter day.

But ah! 'tis now all over;
The altar black appears;
Death ſtrikes a faithful lover;
Hymen diſſolves in tears.

The torch's flame will languiſh,
Till it is ſeen no more,
While I am left in anguiſh
My fortune to deplore.

Ah happineſs how fleeting,
Unſteady as the wind!
The heart with ſorrow beating,
Thinks Deſtiny unkind.

But wherefore this complaining?
It cannot cure the ſmart;
Though bitterly bewailing
May break the troubled heart.

Ah me! the prey of ſorrow,
Why ſhould I ceaſe to grieve,
When no ſucceeding morrow
Can bid my lover live?

The ſpring may deck the valley,
The flow'rs again may bloom;
But here no hope can tarry,
Save in an early tomb.

Then welcome, king of terrors;
I fear thee not, O Death:
Heav'n will forgive my errors,
And take my parting breath.

Haply ſome village maiden
May ſeek my lonely clay,
Whoſe heart, with ſorrow laden,
Sighs through the livelong day.

Her breaſt, with anguiſh bleeding,
May envy e'en my ſtate,
While on my graveſtone reading
Poor Mary's hapleſs fate.

THE QUESTION.

CONCLUDED WITH A WISH.

O SAY, what is the powerful ſpell
That wins each youthful heart;
O by what hidden magic, tell,
Do I inflict ſuch ſmart?

'Tis not by beauty's glowing charm;
I boaſt no blooming roſe,
Nor ſtrive by arts each breaſt to warm,
Too fatal for repoſe.

I neither vaunt or wealth or fame,
But paſs my life retir'd;
Contented with a virtuous name,
No more have I deſir'd.

I mix not with the proud and gay,
Nor care I to be ſeen
At rout, at ball, at park, or play,
Mark'd for a flaunting mien.

'Tis not in tumult's noiſy ſphere
A modeſt woman blooms;
Her head will not more wiſe appear
When deck'd with nodding plumes.

When too much time is ſpent abroad,
There's little joy at home;
Domeſtic ſweets, and ſoft regard,
Are loſt when oft we roam.

All purer pleaſures are forgot;
And Diſſipation's power
Soon weans us from the happy cot,
Where guileleſs paſs'd each hour.

Now loſt in Folly's mazy way,
Should we return no more,
How oft ſhall we lament the day
We left the cottage door!

How oft ſhall we deplore the guile
That made us leave the board
Where Peace and Plenty's winning ſmile
Such happineſs afford!

But ah! that pain ſhall ne'er be mine,
I court no falſe parade;
My only wiſh ſhall be to ſhine
A lily in a glade.

I value not each glittering toy;
No mercenary view
Can ever touch this heart with joy;
'Tis left, O Pride, for you.

In robes of innocence array'd,
I'd paſs my life ſerene,
Sequeſter'd in yon lonely ſhade,
Remote from Folly's ſcene;

With ſome lov'd youth, whoſe noble mind,
And ſoul, devoid of art,
With manners gentle, good, and kind,
Subdu'd my youthful heart.

With him I'd live, with him I'd die;
And, bleſt with him alone,
This breaſt no more ſhould heave a ſigh,
Or other monarch own.

I'd ſhare his joy, I'd ſooth his grief,
And every care beguile[e];
With winning ſoftneſs give relief,
Or truth's engaging ſmile.

Love, friendſhip, and eſteem, combin'd,
Should ornament our bowers;
Attention gentle, ſweet, and kind,
Beſtrew our path with flowers.

Thus bleſt with him, I'd aſk no more,
Nor ever leave the dale,
Where I had found ſuch precious ſtore
Of happineſs prevail.

THE

SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.

HAPPINESS, where is thy ground,
Ever ſought, but never found?
She is not the monarch's gueſt;
Princes are but ſlaves at beſt.
She dwells not in peaſants' cot;
Poverty is oft their lot.
She's not in the miſer's hoard;
Avarice drives her from his board.
She's not with the ſpendthrift ſeen;
Fears of want muſt intervene.
Solitude ſhe ne'er can own;
Man's not born to live alone.
Diſſipation's thoughtleſs throng
She will never dwell among.
Sorrow ſeldom mortal ſpares;
Married life is full of cares:

Thoſe

Thoſe who chuſe a ſingle doom,
Unregretted gain their tomb.
Youth, with ardent hope, will think
To entrap her on the brink;
But, as we ſuppoſe her nigh,
See the fleeting ſhadow fly.
Hoary age, with anxious face,
Oft has tried her ſteps to trace;
Yet, when old, they ſtill muſt own
Happineſs to them unknown.
I ſought her once in Faſhion's throng,
Mingled with the gay and young;
Soon I found 'twas all deluſion,
Riot, tumult, and confuſion:
Then I left frail Folly's court,
Sought her amidſt children's ſport;
But I ſaw each ſmiling face
Soon deſpoil'd of ev'ry grace;
Tranſient was their morn of joy,
Drops their roſy cheeks annoy.
Tir'd I left the little crowd,
Join'd the wealthy, join'd the proud;
Jewels, diamonds, pearls, and ſtore,
Met my eyes, but nothing more;

Diſcontent,

Diſcontent, with pallid cheek,
All their looks too plainly ſpeak.
Now I went, with haſty ſtride,
To a door that opens wide;
Love and Friendſhip ſoon appear,
Wipe away the briny tear:
Overcome with joy, I cry,
Happineſs, at length, is nigh;
Welcome, welcome to my breaſt,
Farewell all but bliſsful reſt;
Welcome, welcome to my heart,
Thou canſt unknown joys impart:
Thus, in momentary bliſs,
Thought, ſecure, I'd happineſs:
But, O falſe, O fleeting ſhade,
Soon I loſt thee in the glade.
Envious Death, with fatal ſtroke,
Soon the lovelorn viſion broke,
Took, at once, my love, my friend:—
Slave to ſorrow, I muſt bend.
Loſt to hope, I mourn'd my fate,
Forc'd to drag my wretched ſtate;
Thought no joy could intervene,
Nought illume the clouded ſcene:

But Religion's ſoothing ſtrain
Calm'd my woes and eas'd my pain,
Gave new comfort to my mind,
Bade me be to fate reſign'd;
Told me that my wand'ring feet
Never happineſs could meet
Till they gain'd a heav'nly ſhore,
There to dwell for evermore.
Reaſon now aſſerts her power,
Gilds with hope the lowering hour,
Reaſſumes her rightful throne,
Claims the heart ſhe knows her own.
Senſe and true religion join,
In my breaſt their force combine,
And reſtore contentment's ſweets,
While my heart with rapture beats.
By experience I am taught
Happineſs cannot be bought;
Happineſs cannot be found
Till I gain a heav'nly ground:
So, with care, I'll glide from harm,
And each viſionary charm;
Always Virtue's ſteps purſue,
And to Folly bid adieu!

Tranquil

Tranquil paſs my days in peace,
Till each fleeting breath ſhall ceaſe;
Till Death's ſtern decree ſhall doom
Mary to her deſtin'd tomb.

SORROW.

SORROW.

PENSIVE inmate of my heart,
Wilt thou never hence depart,
From this poor deſponding breaſt,
Which thy wrath has long oppreſt?
Seven long years thy load I've borne,
Hoping that, each coming morn,
Thy hard rigour would relent,
And reſtore me to content:
But no change my eyes can ſee;
Am I doom'd to miſery?
Am I doom'd my days to mourn,
Sighing, hopeleſs, and forlorn;
Pine away youth's faireſt bloom,
Hurried to an early tomb;
Cropt, untimely, like a flow'r,
Ere it is my deſtin'd hour?
Tell me wherein I offend?
I muſt know ere I can mend:

Name, O name the fault, that I
Reparation make, and die.
With unceaſing care I ſought
And examin'd ev'ry thought:
Conſcience juſtifies my youth,
Knows me as the friend of truth.
In my God I wholly truſt,
To my neighbour ever juſt;
Was I e'er unduteous known
To the natural friends I own?
Did my boſom ever prove
As a ſiſter want of love?
Ever true as Friendſhip's child,
In my diſpoſition mild;
Tell me, then, in what I err;
Haſten, and this boon confer;
Liſten to a tender maid,
Drooping now in Sorrow's glade;
Speed, O ſpeed, make no delay,
Ah! who knows one moment's ſtay
May be found, alas! too late?
Unknown is the book of Fate:
Unexplor'd the devious maze;
Fill'd with wonder, "loſt we gaze."

But in vain I call on thee;
Sorrow's ſport I'm doom'd to be.
Art thou deaf to ev'ry pray'r?
Will thy harden'd heart not ſpare
Virtue's offſpring, Innocence?
Whence this cruelty intenſe?
Whence this hatred? Quick reſtore
What I once poſſeſs'd before,
Sweet content and heav'nly peace,
Which I thought would never ceaſe;
Then I breath'd an air moſt pure;
Sorrow's pains could ne'er endure:
But the dear deluſion's paſt,
And the deſert's drear and vaſt;
Nought illumes the ſolemn gloom,
Save the proſpect of a tomb;
Save the hope of reſt and peace,
In my grave, when life ſhall ceaſe;
Save a firm aſſurance given,
Happineſs to find in heaven:
This ſupports my feeble frame,
Faith in God's moſt holy name;
Firm aſſurance, none can fall
Who in him repoſe their all,

Long to ſee him face to face,
Share his bliſs and taſte his grace;
Own him as a Savior dear,
Whom all various climes revere;
Pant his manſion to explore,
There to live for evermore.

FASHION.

O SLAVES to Folly! whither do ye run? How loſt to virtue, ſenſe, and every finer feeling, are thoſe who pay implicit obedience at thy ſhrine, O Faſhion! how loſt to modeſty, and to all that is lovely in woman! Away, far from me, thou baſe enticer! and ſhun one who deſpiſes thee too much ever to be able to bear the chain of thy ſlavery.

WHILE Faſhion takes fair Prudence for her guide,
I'll mark her ſteps, and ſaunter by her ſide;
But when her erring feet, too apt to ſtray,
Inſtead of Prudence, chooſe gay Folly's way,
I'll not one moment linger on the brink
Where many, heſitating, often ſink;
But ſhun her quick, bright Virtue's ſteps purſue,
And bid frail Faſhion's votaries adieu!

S L E E P.

Written at Midnight.

UNHAPPY maid, why am I born to know
The pangs, the tortur'd pangs of cutting woe?
While others paſs the hours in peaceful ſleep,
I, hapleſs mourner, can do nought but weep;
For though I court repoſe, from me it flies:
Ah! when will balmy ſlumber cloſe theſe eyes?

ABSENCE;

OR, THE

EFFUSIONS OF FRIENDSHIP.

AN ELEGY.

TELL me, O tell, why heaves the heartfelt ſigh,
When late this face was wont with joy to ſmile?
Why penſive looks the downcaſt wat'ry eye,
The index of a heart that's void of guile?

Can ought moleſt this breaſt, where virtue reigns,
Where modeſt merit blooms ſecure from harm,
Free from the miſery of doubts, of pains,
And all the dire attendants of alarm?

Yes, abſent friends may cauſe the trembling pearl
Of tenderneſs adown the cheek to fall,
The faithful tribute from its fountain hurl,
And e'en the plaintive ſigh of pity call.

O cruel Fate! how could you doom to part
Thoſe ſympathetic ſouls which nature forms
To ſhare each joy, each pleaſure of the heart,
Or, in adverſity, allay the ſtorms?

Where now, alas! are all the promis'd ſweets
Of future days devoted unto joy?
Ah me! my heart with wayward ſorrow beats,
While vainly do they ſtrive my grief to alloy.

Where now, alas! are all the golden dreams
Felicity preſented to our view;
Where friendſhip with luxuriant fancy teems,
Nor dreads the thrilling pain of an adieu?

That hour is come:—ah me! may Heav'n protect
The youth who's deſtin'd on the ſeas to roam,
Through unknown oceans ſafe his courſe direct,
And lead him back again to his lov'd home.

When waves ſhall roll, and ſtorms ſhall thunder round,
Ah! then you'll think on me, and wiſh for ſhore;
Think of thoſe moments ſpent on Engliſh ground,
Moments, alas! that may return no more.

Remembrance then will paint the peaceful cot,
Where, free from grief, from ſorrow, and from care,
You paſs'd your days, contented with your lot,
Nor wiſh'd a higher deſtiny to ſhare.

The garden, which preſented ſweet employ,
Is now o'errun by Deſolation's power,
And ſeems to mourn the happy country boy
Who rear'd, with foſtering hand, each fragrant flower.

The grotto too, alas! in ruins ſtands,
Where the fond wren had built her little neſt,
Conſign'd herſelf to your kind friendly hands,
And would, for ſafety, neſtle in your breaſt.

Ah! who will now protect her tender young,
Or liſten, with delight, beneath the ſhade,
To the ſoft muſic of the warbling ſong,
Which always has your every care repaid?

This was the ſpot where firſt your breath you drew,
Exhal'd the freſhneſs of the ambient air;
In health, in ſtrength, and noble ſtature grew,
While dimpled ſmiles adorn'd thoſe cheeks ſo fair.

Parental fondneſs mark'd with ſweet delight
The dawning genius of the darling youth;
A tender mother form'd your mind aright
To virtue, goodneſs, piety, and truth.

But where are now thoſe hours of pleaſure flown?
How chang'd, alas! how mournful is your doom!
Ah me! thoſe friends are now for ever gone
To their long home, lo! in the ſilent tomb.

And you are left a helpleſs orphan boy,
Condemn'd, alas! the world's wide ſtage to roam,
Without one tender hand your grief to alloy,
Bereft, at once, of happineſs and home;

Without one friend to wipe affliction's tear,
To ſooth the ſorrows of a breaking heart,
Chaſe the effects of every frown ſevere,
And healing balſam to your wounds impart.

Bereft of all, muſt you then leave this ſhore,
To ſeek for treaſures on a boiſterous deep,
Where winds and thunder dire ſhall loudly roar,
While I am forc'd your loſs to ſigh and weep?

If

If 'tis the will of Heaven, I'll be reſign'd;
When Providence commands, who dare repine?
Patience and time may calm your troubled mind,
And round your brow a wreath of olives twine.

Go then, dear youth; and if the prayer ſincere
Of blameleſs virtue can your ſteps enſure,
Go on and proſper, follow'd by the tear
Of her condemn'd your abſence to endure.

May winds auſpicious waft you to yon ſhore,
Protect you from the dangers of the main,
Till fleeting Time ſhall to theſe arms reſtore
My faithful friend, my Eugene, once again.

HEALTH.

Written when dangerouſly ill.

HAIL, charming Health, what pleaſures thou doſt bring
To pooreſt peaſant and to richeſt king!
Without thee, wealth and honor give no joy;
Poor mortals, no! they only ſerve to cloy.
The budding ſpring, or blooming ſummer's flower,
Cannot relieve my pain one ſingle hour.
In vain all Nature's beauties would invite;
Where thou art not, ah! who can taſte delight?
Yet I will not deſpair, but patient be;
God's bleſſing can reſtore ſweet health to me.

HOPE.

WELCOME, welcome once again,
Deareſt of the virgin train:
Thou canſt ſoften every woe,
Comfort e'en on ſlaves beſtow:
Welcome to my arms once more;
Too long I thy loſs deplore:
Now regain'd, thou e'er ſhalt be
Render'd ſtill more dear to me.
This fond breaſt I'll make thy throne,
And with joy enraptur'd own
Thee as my bright guiding ſtar,
From diſtant ſhores return'd afar.
Since thou art reſtor'd again,
I have bid adieu to pain.
Thy balſamic powers have heal'd
Every wound and ſorrow ſeal'd.
Thou haſt drawn Deſpair's keen dart
From this ſighing, breaking heart;

Bid a roſy cherub fly
From the realms of boundleſs ſky,
With a goblet rich to view,
Spangled like the morning dew,
Fill'd with ſweets: the lovely boy
Cried, " Fear not, 'twill never cloy;"
Then upon his bended knee
Gave the golden cup to me:
Smiles now deck'd his infant face,
While, with an expreſſive grace,
" Trembling maid," he cried, " forbear;
" Too long haſt thou harbor'd care;
" Thou wilt never know repoſe
" Till hope in thy boſom glows.
" Take this draught; 'twill ſet thee free,
" Precious ſweets diſtill'd for thee;
" Drink it up, and thou ſhalt prove
" Friendſhip true and pureſt love.
" Not a blaſt that whiſpers rude,
" E'er ſhall in thy groves intrude;
" Gentle Zephyr's balmy gales
" Waft her odors through thy vales;
" Singing birds with warbling throats
" Charm thee with harmonious notes:

" Peace

" Peace ſhall build her temple fair;
" Thou ſhalt live for ever there."
Thus he ſaid, and to my lip
Rais'd, the nectar ſweet I ſip:
Through my veins it took its courſe,
Soon I felt its thrilling force,
Own'd with joy its magic power,
Cheerful bleſs'd the happy hour,
Which did to this breaſt reſtore
Balmy hope, to part no more.

ACROSTIC.

ACROSTIC.

AH! Charlotte's dead!—hark, hark, the ſolemn bell
D ings ſlow and ſhrill! it is her funeral knell!
A las, ſhe's gone! yet why ſhould we repine?
'M idſt heavenly angels ſhe was born to ſhine.
G rieve not, my friend, but dry that anguiſh'd eye;
O heave no more the deep, heart-rending ſigh.
R emember, though you've loſt a partner dear,
D eath's awful ſummons we muſt all revere.
O be reſign'd; Heav'n knows what's beſt for thee;
N or dare repine at God's all-juſt decree.

FAME AND FRIENDSHIP.

A SATIRE.

Addreſſed to the Rev. Sir ADAM GORDON, *Bart. as a ſmall but ſincere*

TRIBUTE OF ESTEEM.

SHALL hireling poets ſing for golden ore,
Servilely bend at Adulation's door,
Become e'en willing votaries at the ſhrine
Of baſe-born Flattery, and court the Nine,
Their choiceſt ſweets in precious caſkets bring,
Raiſe every voice, and tune the harmonic ſtring,
To chant the dull, the mean, the fulſome ſtrain,
The unworthy offering of a poet's brain?

And ſhall then I refuſe my little mite,
When genuine worth's benignant ſmiles invite?
O no! the nobler theme ſhall me inſpire,
And heaven-born truth ſhall give "poetic fire;"

Waving

Waving on dove-like pinions I'll aſcend,
And tune my harp to celebrate my friend.

Peru's refulgent mines ſhould ne'er command
My wonted liberty, or chain my hand;
No ſplendid plume ſhould make my verſe impart
A ſingle ſentence foreign to my heart;
Men ſhould be men, and princes ſhould be juſt,
Nor purchaſe flattery with paltry duſt.

My unaſſuming pen, which courts not Fame,
Yet boaſts the nobler prize, a virtuous name:
Thus taught by Young, I'll ſhun the fatal ſnare,
" Fondneſs for Fame is avarice of air."
To attain it I would never ſtoop to praiſe
(Though I were ſure to win the poet's bays)
The ignoble mind, though on a royal throne;
For I can bow to nought but worth alone.

O Fame! how very dangerous is thy way;
How oft will vanity our ſteps betray!
E'en when we have obtain'd the wiſh'd-for birth,
What are we ſtill but moulds of ſordid earth?

Go,

Go, phantom, go! uncertain as the wind,
To merit often miſerably blind;
To follow thee muſt I not ſhut my eyes?
For ſure, if open, I'd ne'er ſacrifice
My peace of mind to ſuch an empty ſhade,
The *ignis fatuus* of this worldly glade.

Then Fame, adieu! ambition's not for me;
At Friendſhip's altar I'll a votary be;
I'll raiſe the urn on Faith's ſubſtantial baſe,
And my obedient pen with joy ſhall trace
The ſacred line to merit ever due:
Grateful I'll conſecrate that line to you.

EPITHALAMIUM.

On the ſame.

AURORA, riſe; and Sol, bright god of day,
Expand thy golden beam and cheering ray,
Diſperſe the lowering clouds which intervene,
And let thy light reanimate the ſcene;
Chaſe every miſty vapor from the ſky,
And bid from pole to pole thy courſers fly.
Thy mighty powers the changing ſeaſons ſing;
The fruitful autumn and the budding ſpring,
Bleak winter's frozen form, in ice congeal'd,
And ſummer, ſultry, with each bleſſing ſeal'd,
All own, in thy ſoft influence benign,
The gift of an Almighty Power divine.

" Thou great firſt Cauſe!" thou God ſupreme above,
To thee all hail, all reverence, all love:
In ſtrength the mightieſt, in mercy mild,
Sinners by thy bleſt Son were reconcil'd:
'Twas thou, the Almighty Searcher of each heart,
Who didſt thy grace divine to mine impart;

By

By thee inſpir'd, I tune the vocal lay,
And celebrate the hymenéal day,
This day, whereon the nuptial vows were given,
By ſaints and angels regiſter'd in Heav'n.
How bright appear'd the torch! how pure the flame,
When thy dear choſen bride firſt ſign'd thy name!

O Gordon! would kind Heav'n accord my pray'r,
Long ſhouldſt thou live, and long its bleſſings ſhare;
Peace, health, and plenty ſhould thy brows adorn,
And years unnumber'd glide like this bright morn:
The choſen partner, the triumphant fair,
Whoſe ſmile can diſſipate thy every care,
Should long exiſt with thee, the joys to prove
Of friendſhip heighten'd by connubial love:
This ſure is bliſs! if bliſs is found on earth;
Congenial ſouls alone can give it birth.

Omnipotent Creator, guard my friend,
Sanction his choice, and lead him to the end;
Shower down thy bleſſings on him here below,
And bid his heart with gratitude to glow;
Teach him the wealth which thou haſt given to uſe,
And in his breaſt mild charity infuſe;

Give to thy angels charge, that they protect,
Watch o'er his path, and ſafe his courſe direct;
Teach him in thy great mercy to confide;
Be thou his polar ſtar, thy law his guide.
And when, my Friend! the meſſenger of Death
Shall call aloud for thy departing breath,
Then may thy purer ſpirit joyful riſe,
Then may my Gordon pierce the boundleſs ſkies.

ELEGY

ON A FAVORITE LINNET,

WHICH WAS IN MY POSSESSION NEAR TWELVE YEARS.

DEAR little favorite, whoſe warbling throat
Enliven'd many an hour with ſweeteſt ſong,
No more, alas! ſhall thy ſoft, quiv'ring note
Add wings to time, which ſorrow's pangs prolong.

Whole hours have I not liſten'd to thy ſtrain?
For, though a priſoner, happy was thy lot;
No boys miſchievous gave thy boſom pain,
And long ſince hadſt thou liberty forgot.

My foſtering hand would all thy wants ſupply,
Thy more than wants; the choiceſt grains I found;
I ſpar'd no pains to pleaſe thy ſparkling eye,
And deck'd with green thy little cage around.

No purring tabby dar'd thy houſe moleſt;
If danger threaten'd, ſtill thy friend was near:
Unruffled plumage deck'd thy downy breaſt,
And every moment glided quiet here.

Eleven long years with me thou haſt partook
The many comforts of my native home;
No ſtorms thy peaceful manſion ever ſhook,
Or trouble caus'd a ſingle wiſh to roam.

The ſweet companion of my early days,
While yet a child I watch'd thee with delight;
Joyful would ſing, to raiſe thy ſofter lays,
Pleas'd thy ſuperior cadence to excite.

In youthful innocence, I thought no harm
To cage thee in thy little wiry cell,
Till reaſon in my breaſt firſt gave the alarm,
My right to make thee priſoner bade me tell.

Shock'd at a cruelty my heart diſown'd,
I inſtant cried, "Sweet ſongſter, thou art free:"
Quite happy when my faults I'd thus aton'd,
I watch'd thee wing thy flight away from me.

But

But ſhort was thy career; thy pinions weak
Had not the power to bear thy trembling weight;
I ſaw thee falling near yon bubbling creek,
And flew to ſnatch thee from impending fate.

I ſoon replac'd thee in thy manſion ſmall,
And watch'd thee plume thy little ruffled wing;
Recovering from thy fright and threaten'd fall,
Thy warbling voice once more began to ſing.

In plaintive carols thus thou ſeem'dſt to ſay:
" My ſole protectreſs, wouldſt thou chaſe me hence?
" Thy happy priſoner here each winter's day
" A kindly refuge found from cold intenſe.

" So long unus'd to ſeek my daily food,
" With hunger's bitter pang thy bird would die;
" O chaſe me not, my miſtreſs kind and good,
" For bleak's the wind beneath the inclement ſky.

" Fair Freedom now no longer boaſts a charm
" For one who has no friend on earth but thee;
" Beneath thy eye, ſecure from every harm,
" I'd live and die, happy thy bird to be."

" Sweet bird," I cried, " 'twas tenderneſs alone
" Bade me thy long-loſt liberty reſtore;
" But ſince thou wilt not Freedom's pleaſures own,
" Here thou ſhalt live, I'll bid thee hence no more."

Content regain'd, he ſang from morn till night,
Blithe as a lark that hails the welcome day.
Harmonic minſtrel! Solitude's delight!
Muſt I no more e'er hear thy tuneful lay?

Wilt thou beguile no more the tedious hours,
Which leaden-footed ſorrows oft arreſt?
Shall heart's-eaſe, grateful, tender, charming flowers,
Ne'er bloom, alas! within this care-worn breaſt?

Ah, no, ſweet bird! but thou haſt found relief;
Sickneſs no more my linnet ſhall oppreſs;
I ſaw thy pangs, I ſaw with heartfelt grief,
And vainly ſought thy miſery to redreſs.

A few ſhort days thou ſuffer'dſt many a pain;
I ſorrowing tried to cure the unknown diſeaſe;
Hoping to ſee ſweet health return again,
I brought thee all I thought might give thee eaſe.

But

But uſeleſs all! Death ſnatch'd thee from my care;
Thy little lifeleſs frame I wept to ſee:
Affection kind, not weakneſs, caus'd the tear;
For time my linnet render'd dear to me.

ABSENCE.

Addreſſed to Miſs H****.

O FRIEND belov'd! O friend moſt dear!
What cauſes now the trembling tear?
What new-born grief! a cruel foe!
Has come to fill this heart with woe?
Alas! the cauſe is now aſſur'd—
A parting we have juſt endur'd,
The pangs of which no tongue can tell:
How hard the taſk to bid farewell!
A cruel, although zealous friend,
Hath us to this hard lot condemn'd;
But though our earthly clay he parts,
He cannot ſeparate our hearts.
However diſtant we may be,
My thoughts will always fly to thee.
How oft I think, with chilling pain,
On hours I ne'er muſt ſee again,

Whole

Whole days of converſe paſs'd with you,
To which I now muſt ſigh—Adieu!
In years of playful innocence,
The dawn of love did firſt commence;
Then gaily join'd, we ſprightly danc'd;
With hearts ſo light our feet advanc'd;
Our taſte the ſame, we lov'd to be
United, e'en in infancy.
Together at our work or play,
With love augmenting every day,
We paſs'd our nights in ſweet repoſe,
And every day new pleaſures roſe.
Thus rear'd in love, ſo gay, ſo free,
We lopt a branch from Friendſhip's tree,
So firm, ſo ſtrong, 'twill hold us faſt,
As long as mortal life ſhall laſt,
And e'en ſtill longer; for we'll meet
Where heav'nly angels will us greet,
Where no ſharp pangs can us moleſt,
Or ſorrow centre in thy breaſt.
Yet ſtill, while here you are to live,
May Heav'n unnumber'd bleſſings give,
May Heav'n reſtore to thy torn mind
That peace, at preſent, left behind.

My fervent prayers ſhall oft aſcend
For my belov'd and faithful friend.

But ah! what gueſt is that I ſee,
Who confidently ſmiles on me?
'Tis Hope, juſt holding forth a ray:
She ſays, "Though clouds obſcure this day,
"The ſun ſhall yet in ſplendor riſe,
"And for you variegate the ſkies:
"Then dry your tears, no more complain;
"With Faith, you ne'er ſhall hope in vain."
Who can be deaf to words ſo kind,
So healing, to a wounded mind?
My fond heart anſwers, "They are true,"
And pants again to fix near you,
On this belov'd, auſpicious ground,
Where Pleaſure's paths we've often found.

United to a much-lov'd youth,
Devoted firm to thee and truth,
Around thy cheerful fire's blaze,
May calm content each feature glaze,
Surrounded by a little throng
Of innocents, chanting their ſong,

And ſeen, in each expreſſive face,
Their father's worth and mother's grace.
Thus bleſs'd with faithful love and friend,
Your bliſs ſhall never know an end;
Each morn ſhall ſome new pleaſure bring,
And all your life ſhall paſs as ſpring;
So gently old age will creep on,
You'll never know life's prime is gone:
Nor ſhall you Death's ſtern ſummons fear;
When you're prepar'd, 'tis not ſevere.
Into the grave you'll ſink awhile,
Then, riſing, brighter joys ſhall ſmile;
And, when you're gone, each breath ſhall ſigh,
O may I join her in the ſky!

CONSOLATION.

To the ſame.

COMPANION of my youthful days! attend
The voice of comfort from thy boſom friend.
O! could my tongue but tell the pangs I feel!
How much I wiſh thy tender breaſt to heal!
How much I wiſh to every care alloy,
And ſee thee crown'd with peace, content, and joy!
To ſee thee bleſt, ſoft pleaſure would impart,
And prove a balſam to my wounded heart.
This heart, which ever made thy pains its own,
Now bleeds for thee, and joins thy every moan.
Theſe eyes muſt weep the grief of one ſo dear;
O! could they ſhed for thee each bitter tear!
But though I cannot eaſe thee of the weight,
Yet I will ſtrive thy ſorrow to abate.

I'll

I'll lead thee in the path I'd have thee ſtray,
And pluck each brier from thy thorny way.
Thy feeble ſteps ſhall Fortitude ſupport,
And village joy make thee forget the court.
Religion thou ſhalt for thy favorite chooſe,
And I'll meek patience in thy draught infuſe.
If thou ſhouldſt droop, I'll fold thee to my breaſt;
And ſhouldſt thou grieve, O I muſt feel diſtreſt!
Heave but a ſigh, and faſt the trembling tear
Would trickle down my cheek for one ſo dear;
Yet ſtill I'd ſtrive to ſmile, in hopes to pleaſe
The friend I'd ſacrifice my life to eaſe:
Thus if I could not cure, at leaſt I'd ſhare
Thy pains, and try to ſoften every care;
All day eſſay to chaſe away thy woes;
And on my breaſt, at night, thou ſhouldſt repoſe.

Should pallid Sickneſs ſeize thy grief-worn frame,
Then thou ſhalt find that friendſhip's not a name;
I'd quit the buſy crowd of pleaſure gay,
To ſeek thy cot, nor brook the leaſt delay;
No more would I chant forth a blithſome ſong,
Or longer loiter 'mid the buſy throng;

My feet, that oft ſo lightly would advance,
No more ſhould trip along the ſprightly dance;
My nimble fingers, which would often pleaſe,
Should then no longer touch the warbling keys;
Nought ſhould have charms my journey to impede,
When friendſhip call'd me in the time of need.
O no! I'd fly on the ſwift wings of love:
That is the time affection true to prove.
With fond ſolicitude I'd o'er her bend,
Supply each want, and every wiſh attend,
Her pillow ſmooth, ſupport her drooping head,
And hover day and night around her bed;
Anxious I'd watch her with the tendereſt care,
Claſp her cold hand, then raiſe to Heaven a prayer;
I'd ſooth her mind, her thoughts direct aright,
And wean her from this world of falſe delight;
And though almoſt o'erwhelm'd with parting fears,
Leſt I ſhould grieve her, I would hide my tears.

And do I live to ſee us doom'd to part?
Why beats, why pants, why trembles my poor heart?
O Death relentleſs! is ſhe then thy prey,
And I yet live, alas! to ſee this day?

Will

Will thy devouring ſcythe ne'er be content
Till time itſelf ſhall its long courſe have ſpent?
Haſt thou no pity for her youthful bloom?
Or doſt thou think her worth will grace a tomb?
O no! to pity thou haſt bid adieu;
It glads thee much to ſever hearts moſt true:
To ſeek compaſſion I muſt look to Heav'n;
'Tis there true mercy from the Throne is giv'n.
And muſt we part? "O Heav'n! avert the ſtroke;
" Save her before the thread of life is broke;
" Pure health reſtore, chaſe ſickneſs from her pillow,
" Crown me with laurel, 'ſtead of weeping willow;
" Spare her, and bleſs a friendſhip ſo ſincere;
" Attend my prayer, O thou I moſt revere."
Yes, I am heard; look, yonder comes the dove,
And in his beak the ſign of peace and love.

Welcome, thrice welcome, meſſenger divine;
Thy branch the ſignal, but the laurel mine:
Thanks be to Heav'n that warded off the doom,
And ſnatch'd my much-lov'd Laura from the tomb;
See, ſee! already roſy Health appears!
Blooms on her cheeks, and my ſad boſom cheers,

Enlivens every feature of her face
With vermeil tints and each expreſſive grace.
My feeble utterance my lov'd friend can't tell,
How much I fear'd a fatal, laſt farewell!
To ſee thee freed from pain and ſickneſs too,
When but ſo late I dreaded an adieu!
At once conſoles, repays me with delight,
For every anxious day and ſleepleſs night:
With joy and gratitude my heart o'erflows,
And in my breaſt a new-born tranſport glows—
Alluring Hope exclaims, "Weep, weep no more;
"Although the view's obſcur'd, there's joy in ſtore;
"The noon-day ſun oft gilds a clouded morn,
"The wind God tempers to the lamb that's ſhorn."
'Tis true, indeed, for the Almighty Power
That heard my prayer in ſorrow's trying hour,
Which firſt permitted thee to draw thy breath,
And now has ſnatch'd thee from the jaws of death,
That Power can temper every blaſt unkind,
And blend the ſeeds of comfort in thy mind;
Can all thy troubles chaſe, each ſorrow ſmite,
And turn thy grief into ſupreme delight:
Then reſt on that thy faith: an ear now lend,
Scorn not the humble counſel of a friend;

In an all-merciful Redeemer truſt,
For he is God above, and ever juſt;
Rely on him, and thy reward ſhall be,
Bleſt now, henceforth, and to eternity.

STANZAS

TO THE SAME.

Written on leaving Town, to paſs ſome Time with her in the Country.

NOW Friendſhip calls me from tumultuous noiſe,
And bids me leave the town for calmer joys;
Cries, " Haſte, my Mary, to the rural ſpot,
" Where health and plenty crown life's chequer'd lot;
" Quit, quit awhile the ſplendor of a court,
" Where Virtue finds too ſeldom a reſort,
" And ſeek that manſion which you love full well,
" Where Peace is known, ſequeſter'd nymph, to dwell:
" The heav'n-born maid has got a noble mind,
" Unfetter'd with the vice of human kind;
' She knows nor pomp nor riches can beſtow
" Content, or chaſe away the pangs of woe:

" Then

" Then come, thrice welcome to my arms; O haſte;
" Share all my joys, and every pleaſure taſte;
" To town and tumult bid a long adieu,
" And ſip the purer ſweets of friendſhip true."

Yes, my lov'd friend, I haſten to your arms,
To ſhare the ruſtic ſports and village charms,
The purling ſtreamlet and the hidden grove,
Sacred to friendſhip and to plighted love;
To hear the diſtant muſic of the bells
Echo harmonious through the winding dells;
Or when beneath the ſhade of ſome proud tree
I liſten with delight to warblers free,
What muſic can ſurpaſs their varied notes,
Or ſhake exceed their little quivering throats?

How oft have I the tender herbage trod,
Inſpir'd by Milton, ſoar'd unto my God;
With thoughts ſublime, forgot my humbler fate,
And ſeem'd in heav'n to ſhare that bleſſed ſtate
Which he deſcribes in energetic line,
Aſſiſted ſurely by ſome power divine.

With a few faithful friends to ſooth my grief,
Or books, when abſence calls for ſome relief,
I'd chooſe to paſs my life in yonder vale,
Far from the reach of pride or ſcandal's tale,
Where humble worth unenvied might repoſe,
Adorn the glade, and bloom like ſome ſweet roſe,
Which hides beneath the buſh its trembling head
Unſeen, unknown, by ſilver dewdrops fed.

Juſt ſo I'd wiſh to live in humble life,
A friend to virtue, and a foe to ſtrife;
Secure beneath my neat and ſimple cot
I'd paſs my days, contented with my lot,
Share my repaſt with Poverty and Woe,
And, from the little that I have, beſtow
A mite on each who, by misfortune preſt,
May be depriv'd of nouriſhment and reſt.

The orphan, too, ſhould find a ſafe retreat,
Secure from vice, and far from folly's ſeat:
I'd ſnatch the little outcaſt to my arms,
And guard her from the blaſt of rude alarms;
Protect her virtue with maternal care,
And ſave her innocence from every ſnare;

Make her in manners gentle, and impart
The bliſs of comforting the woe-worn heart;
Teach her that to be good is to be great,
That miſery may on the wealthy wait,
That diamonds cannot purchaſe health and peace,
Or bid the ſorrows of the boſom ceaſe.
To cultivate the precious tender flower,
With anxious zeal I'd try my every power;
And time ſhould pay me with a friend ſincere,
A ſympathetic ſoul to me moſt dear.

But ah, fond Fancy! whither do I run?
The lowering clouds have long obſcur'd the ſun:
The ſtorm is paſt; but view the wreck behind,
Which agitates, diſtracts, and tears this mind.

The little bark ſail'd on a boiſterous deep,
Fearleſs of danger, lull'd its cares aſleep;
Fann'd by the breeze of Hope, without the dread
Of winds or waves, it croſs'd the watery bed,
Eſpied the much-lov'd port, and thought to prove
At once the joys of friendſhip and of love!
But ah! how ſoon were theſe ideas croſt,
And the poor bark on ſeas of troubles toſt!

Deceitful Hope had fed the dangerous flame,
And led the victim, under Friendſhip's name,
To the lov'd ſpot, where, by a ſudden ſhock,
The bark was wreck'd on Diſappointment's rock;
And I am left, with recollection's power,
To pine, to ſigh, and weep away each hour,
Paſs the long day upon the bleak ſea-ſhore,
Perhaps, ah, woe is me! to ſmile no more!

Yet dare I thus repine, when Friendſhip deigns
To court my company and eaſe my pains,
Employs each effort to allay my grief,
Unwearied tries to give this breaſt relief?

I'm not ungrateful; can I then refuſe
Each friendly effort ſtriving to amuſe?
O no, my H****! I'll ſoon ſuppreſs the ſigh,
And wipe the tear from off my dewy eye;
Fearful of troubling thy dear friendly breaſt,
I'll court fond Hope to give my boſom reſt,
And try to ſmile, if but to ſave thee pain,
Hide all my woes, and never more complain.

Yet though this guarded breaſt may ceaſe to heave,
Thine eye too watchful I can ne'er deceive;
Thou know'ſt my inmoſt thoughts, thou know'ſt my heart
Is far too feeling to be free from ſmart.

But will then Friendſhip be of no avail?
While liſtening to the tender, love-fraught tale,
Will ſhe not drop a ſympathetic tear,
And ſigh for one ſo faithful, ſo ſincere?

Yes; Friendſhip ſhall alleviate my grief:
This ear's not deaf to ſuch a kind relief;
This eye no more ſhall weep for Hope's return;
Cries, "Much-lov'd Mary, ceaſe, O ceaſe to mourn!
"For flowers ſhall yet beneath thy footſteps bloom,
"And Victory's laurels on thy temples plume;
"On Friendſhip's pillow thou ſhalt find repoſe,
"And every day ſhall new-born ſweets diſcloſe,
"Till at the laſt dear Mary ſhall poſſeſs
"A crown of peace, of joy, and happineſs."

What ſoft encouragement does Hope diſplay!
She leads us on, expecting every day

The

The ſummit of our wiſhes to attain,
Which will repay us all foregoing pain.
But is ſhe always to her promiſe juſt,
And may we in the ſmiling damſel truſt?
Is ſhe a matchleſs, tender, faithful friend,
On whom we ever may ſecure depend?

Although ſhe may her votaries deceive,
Yet ſtill the traitreſs kind I will believe:
For Hope will ſave me from the pit Deſpair,
And teach me patiently each woe to bear,
Support a wandering, feeble, drooping maid,
And bear her up through every thorny glade.

Then come, fond Hope; thou dear deceiver, come;
Throb thro' my heart, and make this breaſt thy home;
Take up thy lodging here, no more to ſtray,
And charm me once again with thy ſoft ray.

Yes, yes, thou ſhalt be mine till Death I ſee;
Still ſhalt thou live, ſtill ſhalt thou dwell with me;
And e'en when Death appears, thy power ſhall ſave
My ſoul, and make it ſoar above the grave;

On

On thy ſwift pinions mounting it ſhall ſing
The ſong of gratitude to Heaven's King,
Nor ſtop till bleſt it gains that ſweet abode,
Where, at the gate, each pilgrim leaves his load,
At once finds every pain and ſorrow ceaſe,
And taſtes the bleſſings of eternal peace.

FRIENDSHIP.

TO THE SAME.

Written at Guildford.

O FRIENDSHIP, devoted to thee,
Poſſeſt of thy pleaſures ſo ſweet,
The court is unenvied by me,
While bleſt in this charming retreat.

How peaceful now paſſes the day,
How calm is this once troubled breaſt!
Fond Hope now illumines my way,
And lulls all my ſorrows to reſt.

O may ſhe deceive me no more,
For tender and weak is this frame;
O ſay, is there comfort in ſtore,
Entwin'd in poor Mary's ſad name?

Compar'd

Compar'd with the anguiſh ſevere,
  Which lately diſtracted this heart,
How tranquil my time paſſes here,
  While Friendſhip allays the keen ſmart!

ACROSTIC.

ACROSTIC.

I WHO in flowing numbers oft aſpire,
And touch harmonious the warbling lyre,
O why ſhould I one moment ceaſe to lend
My voice to chant the father and the friend?
H earken, ye muſes, uſher in the lay
That hails with heartfelt joy his natal day;
N or with your frowns congeal a youthful maid,
Who aſks in humble ſtrains your magic aid:
S hield him whom I revere, ye powers celeſt,
Diſperſe all care and ſorrow from his breaſt;
T urn from him ev'ry painful clouded ſcene,
And mark his future days with peace ſerene.
O I aſk not the gift of golden ore,
But hope he may partake of Plenty's ſtore;
C ontentment too I'd have his board to grace,
While tints of ſmiling health bedeck his face,
K ind Heav'n look down, and in thy mercy hear,
Prolong the life of him I hold moſt dear;

Diſtil

D iftil like dewdrops on each future hour,
The choiceſt bleſſings which are in thy power;
A nd, if I yet may aſk one favor more,
O let his children prove his richeſt ſtore;
L et their attention cheer his future life,
Aſſiſted by the mother, friend, and wife.
E ternal thanks! I have no more to crave;
Thus bleſt, he'll glide through life, nor fear the grave.

BIRTHDAY STANZAS

TO

THE BEST OF MOTHERS.

NO lazy ſlumber bids me lingering ſtay,
I riſe to hail a parent's natal day;
I riſe to welcome in the approaching morn,
Whereon a friend, a mother dear, was born.
O God above, who has ſupreme control,
Who know'ſt the inmoſt ſecrets of the ſoul,
'Tis thou that ſeeſt, and thou canſt tell alone,
Whether to truth or falſehood we are prone,
Regard my heart, incline a willing ear,
And ſmile propitious on a prayer ſincere;
Forgive her ſins, the beſt of mothers ſpare,
And make her always thy peculiar care;
For years to come, O grant her unto me
To guide me in the thorny path I ſee;
With ſuch a guide I ne'er can go aſtray,
Though rocks and pits impede awhile my way.

Let

Let peace and ſweet content dwell in her heart,
Nor let thy bleſſings e'er from her depart;
And when the clay-cold hand, the hand of Death,
Shall hover round her bed to ſtop her breath,
And his ſhrill voice ſhall cry, " Make no delay;
" Haſte to an unknown coaſt; come, come away;"
Then ſend thy angels down with joy celeſt,
To waft her to the manſions of the bleſt;
With open arms receive her at thy throne:
A heavenly birthday then will be her own.

STANZAS

ON THE

ANNIVERSARY OF THE MARRIAGE OF MY BELOVED PARENTS.

THRICE hail, bleſt morn! thrice hail, divinely bright!
Diſpel the dewy vapors of the night,
Illume with brilliant rays this new-born day,
And ſmile propitious on the tenth of May.
Thrice hail, bleſt morn! whereon a youthful pair
Firſt, at the altar, plighted vows ſincere;
By mutual inclination join'd their hands
In all the awful rites of wedlock's bands.

Twenty-three years have fleeting roll'd along
Since firſt you rais'd the hymenéal ſong,
Since firſt the nuptial torch with brilliance ſhone,
To light you to fair Hymen's ſacred throne;

A riſing

A riſing offspring now repays your love,
While Heav'n itſelf gives bleſſings from above;
Rich Ceres underneath her burden bends,
And gracious Peace a ſmile benignant ſends;
Contentment dwells beneath your humble roof,
And Diſcord's factious ſpirit ſtands aloof:
No guile pervades your breaſts, they ever prove
The ſweets ariſing from connubial love.

Long, very long, united, may you ſhare
Theſe bleſſings, free from trouble, free from care;
Long may you live, and living, may you find
Each child an ornament to humankind;
May they, as years increaſe, in wiſdom grow,
And all their actions Virtue's precepts ſhow.

Accept the prayer which riſes from the breaſt;
O Heav'n accord a firſt-born child's requeſt!
And when my much-lov'd parents ſhall decline,
Strengthen this weak, this feeble arm of mine:
I'll be their prop, ſupport their trembling weight,
For they protected firſt my infant ſtate:
" Attention kind" ſhall ſooth their ev'ry grief,
Shall prove a balm, to ſickneſs give relief,

Remind them of the pleaſures of their youth,
Of all their conſtancy, their love, and truth;
Try every pain and ſorrow to aſſuage,
And with a ſmile illume the gloom of age.

But far, far diſtant, may that time appear,
Which is to ſeparate me from thoſe ſo dear,
That is to rob me of the beſt of friends,
Which Heav'n, in mercy, e'er to mortal lends.

O may this day return with health and peace,
And each revolving year your joys increaſe,
While I aſpire, in theſe enfeebled lays,
Your worth to celebrate, your merit praiſe.
Accept this trifling tribute; although weak,
Still it the language of my heart doth ſpeak;
No fulſome flattery does my pen diſgrace,
But pure ſincerity fills up her place;
And, long as breath ſhall laſt, my pray'r ſhall be,
Your health, your peace, and your proſperity.

ELIZABETH HAWS

Departed this Life, Feb. 23, 1797, *aged* 31 *Years,*
4 *Months, and* 10 *Days.*

AS A

TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION

For her faithful Services, is inſcribed, by her young Miſtreſs,

THIS

EPITAPH.

PAUSE, pilgrim, pauſe! beneath this clay-cold earth,
Reſts what was once ineſtimable worth;
Cloſe by this ſtone the empty caſket lies;
The precious pearl has gain'd her native ſkies.
Bleſt with a feeling heart and kindred mind,
She was a daughter good, a ſiſter kind;
She was a ſervant, but ſtill more, a friend!
For inclination did with duty blend;
Faithful and honeſt in her every truſt,
She lov'd her God, and knew his chaſtening juſt.

Though ſickneſs made her ſuffer many a year,
She ne'er repin'd, or thought her lot ſevere;
Her laſt ſad ſmile on me ſhe did beſtow,
And, dying, cried, "Grieve not for me below."
Her Maker ſent the meſſenger of Death,
And claim'd, in prime of life, her fleeting breath.
Beware, ye proud! nor ſcorn her humble ſtate;
Alas! how ſoon may you partake her fate!
Emperor or peaſant, well or ill prepar'd,
When Heav'n commands, no mortal can be ſpar'd.
Take warning then; ſhe leads a bleſſed road:
Be good! and you, like her, ſhall live with God.
Think not this ſtone to flatt'ry e'er inclines,
Her miſtreſs knew her worth, and trac'd theſe lines.
All nature's weak; I weep o'er mouldering clay,
But joy to think Haws lives in endleſs day.

HYMN TO DEATH.

COME, thou heart-conſoling power,
To the righteous, upright, good;
Lead me to a heav'nly bower,
There to live on heav'nly food.

Lead me, Death, to Mercy's throne,
Where a Lamb in ſplendor reigns;
He'll repentant ſinners own;
He'll releaſe me from my pains.

He's the ſpotleſs Son of God;
He's the choſen of my ſoul,
'Cauſe he ſhed his precious blood
Me in glory to enrol.

I will never other chooſe;
He's my Saviour and Redeemer:
Nor his gracious laws abuſe;
But his croſs I'll bear for ever.

AN ADIEU TO THE WORLD.

A HYMN.

FAREWELL, vain world; though young I'm call'd away;
To all falſe pleaſure now I bid adieu;
I quit this mould of tranſitory clay,
To gain that port which opens to my view.

There are no troubles, there are none diſtreſt;
My aching heart ſhall loſe its weight of woe;
My weary limbs will find a place of reſt,
And e'en my tears for ever ceaſe to flow.

Adieu! vain world, I've had enough of thee;
Thy joy deluſive and thy empty ſhow
Have now no longer any charms for me;
My Saviour calls, and I with pleaſure go.

What's

What's that I ſee in robes ſo white and clear,
Deſcending on yon bright tranſparent cloud?
Ah! 'tis an angel; hark! her voice I hear;
She cries, "My ſiſter, leave the buſy crowd.

"My name is Peace, by God's command alone
"The bleſſed hoſt await you at Heav'n's gate,
"To lead your ſteps to an eternal throne;
"Then tarry not leſt you ſhould come too late."

O no, I'm ready, I'll no longer ſtay;
'Tis Jeſus calls, and I rejoicing come;
Adieu, once more, vain world! farewell, ye gay!
Hail, thou bleſt manſion, hail, my heav'nly home!

THE REMONSTRANCE.

AN ODE

ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY,

JUNE 4, 1797.

THE hoary head of Winter diſappears,
And Summer's ſun again each boſom cheers,
Each true-born Briton rapturous hails the morn
Whereon our much-lov'd ſovereign George was born.
While other poets raiſe a flattering voice,
Sincerity, O King! ſhall be my choice.
Like women, princes from their early youth
Are rarely favor'd with the ſound of truth;
Surrounded by a race of cringing fools,
Minions of Avarice, rear'd in Plutus' ſchools,
Wiſdom is little known in pompous courts,
The "blue-ey'd goddeſs" flies ſuch childiſh ſports.

O George attend,
An ear now lend;
Theſe lines are penn'd
By one who is a monarch's real friend.

But hark! while Muſes on light pinions ſoar,
What's that I hear? 'tis War's diſcordant roar;
O Heav'ns! look yonder; ſee the gory plains
Where Peace once liv'd, now Deſolation reigns:
Ah! view thoſe late abundant fertile ſpots
Where happy peaſants breath'd in Virtue's cots
Now ſtrew'd with aſhes, quench'd with human blood;
O Horror! ſwell'd by thouſands to a flood.
O War! thou ſcourge! thou art the avenging rod
Inflicted by a juſtly offended God;
Incens'd, he ſtretches out a mighty hand,
And threatens judgment on our ſinful land:
Yet ſtill with mercy kind,
He'd rather breathe,
And round our temples bind,
If we would keep in mind
His precepts, many a peaceful olive wreath.

Look round, and view old England's wooden walls,
Where many a rebel ſubject loudly calls;
The fabric trembles! all the terror own;
United voices gain Britannia's royal throne.
Though war has tax'd a ſovereign's people dear,
Has ſhed the widow's and the orphan's tear,
'Tis little to the trouble we muſt know,
If broils interior bid our blood to flow.
Shall ſwords of Engliſhmen each other pierce;
Brother meet brother, join'd in combat fierce?
Shall children's poniards reek with parents' gore,
And parents war with children dear before?
Forbid it, Heav'n, diſpel the wrath divine,
Let Mercy's high beheſt again be thine;
Smile, ſmile propitious! hail the natal day
Of George, and bleſs a much-lov'd monarch's ſway;
Chaſe all his fears,
Lengthen his years,
Let him reign
Free from pain,
And long his people's Hope remain.

But ah! forgive, how dare we claim
Mercy from one all good, all juſt,
While we profane his holy name,
Nor longer in our Maker truſt?
" The pomps and follies of this wicked world,"
'Fore Heav'n and men have we not vow'd to leave?
And yet, O King, by ſycophants thou art hurl'd
Where virtue flies, and vanities deceive.
While dangers threaten'd round,
Great George was ſeen
To tread unhallow'd ground
With England's queen.
A much-lov'd ſovereign, ill-advis'd, was known,
For Folly's theatre, to quit a throne:
The ſtage of vice was by his preſence grac'd,
And, at each ſide, a royal offſpring plac'd.
O neſt of wickedneſs! how couldſt thou gain
A ſovereign's ſanction years on years to reign?
Can Chriſtians leave the altar of their God,
To paſs each eve in Infamy's abode;
To hear a ſet of wretches curſe and ſwear,
Call Heav'n and Hell to witneſs feign'd deſpair?

O George!

O George! look round, the loveliest mould of Heav'n
Is there, too oft, to sure perdition giv'n.
That eye, where innocence was wont to beam
With virgin lustre, never more must teem:
That cheek, which vied with Summer's blooming rose,
Alas! no more shall vermeil tints disclose!
That form, which seem'd some angel to incase,
Is now despoil'd of Modesty's soft grace!
Dear lovely flow'r! how cropt in youthful bloom,
When lost to virtue, misery is her doom!
Then what can woman save?
A little while she'll brave
The impetuous roaring wave,
Then sink, alas! unpitied, to an untimely grave:
Except some mourner mild,
Sweet Sympathy's own child,
In secret is beguil'd
Of precious tears;
She o'er the lovely ruin weeps,
As in Death's clay-cold arms she sleeps,
Releas'd from worldly fears.

O George,

O George, while thou haſt power,
Recall the dire decree,
And Heav'n again ſhall ſhower
Its joys on us and thee:
Let Conſcience be thy guide,
Nor ever licenſe more
The houſe where Luſt and Pride
Stand ſentries at the door;
So ſtill thou ſhalt poſſeſs
Thy loyal people's love;
And Heav'n itſelf ſhall bleſs
Thee from its throne above;
Each Chriſtian ſhall Britannia's monarch praiſe;
The muſe ſhall cull for thee her choiceſt bays:
Echo thy fame ſhall loudly ring;
Joyful ſhall all thy ſubjects ſing,
Long live great George, Old England's virtuous king!

IRIS.

A PASTORAL.

Tranſlated from the French of Madame Deſkoulieres.

STRAY, my dear ſheep, at hazard ſtray;
My ſhepherd, crook, and dog, I've loſt:
Pleaſe God, I'll never ſee the day
Again by mortal to be croſt.

My heart, by cruel ſorrow broke,
Seeks only for a calm retreat;
Graze, my dear ſheep; of dog and crook
Bereft, ſay what ſhall guide your feet.

Sweet innocents, O leave me here,
To mix my tears with yonder wave;
My captive ſenſe, I greatly fear,
Muſt ſink beneath the weight I brave.

O ne'er

O ne'er confide in friendſhip true,
For ſhepherds vow'd they'd me adore;
But now to love they've bade adieu,
They are not what they were before.

I hear your bleating, gentle ſheep;
O how I pity, how I love!
But can I others' ſorrows weep,
When keener grief I'm doom'd to prove?

O deareſt ſheep, long may you ſtray,
Bleſt with the ſweets my fancy forms,
In fertile paſtures, blithe and gay,
Secure from dangers, wolves, and ſtorms.

Thus charming Iris, prey of care,
Forſook her ſad, her faithful flock;
Allur'd by Hope's too fatal ſnare,
She founder'd on Love's dangerous rock.

THE HAPPY COTTAGER.

A PASTORAL.

NEAR yon ſerpentine ſtream I muſingly rov'd,
By the light of bright Luna one eve,
Eſpied at a diſtance the maid whom I lov'd,
And whoſe hand I ſhall ſhortly receive.

I flung down my book, and I häſten'd away
To o'ertake the dear girl of my heart,
Whoſe ſmile ſo expreſſive, benignant, and gay,
Kindles love and allays ev'ry ſmart.

I whiſper'd the ſoft tender tale in her ear,
Begg'd ſhe would to my paſſion incline,
And hop'd the firſt day of the new-coming year
She would not think too ſoon to be mine.

I told her indeed, that my flocks were not great,
That of riches I had little ſtore;
But the ſmiles of Contentment and Peace ever wait
Roſy Health at the cottager's door.

Her bluſhes expreſt more than language could ſpeak;
When I ſhow'd her my neat humble cot,
I read in the glow of her fair modeſt cheek
Her conſent to partake of my lot.

In yon village church I ſhall make her my bride,
Sacred Hymen will ſanction my flame,
While Love on light pinions ſhall hover, to guide
The ſweet nymph as ſhe traces my name.

THE VILLAGE BOY.

A PASTORAL.

How happy in my native cot!
A mother's choiceſt flow'r,
Contented with my lowly lot,
I guileleſs paſt each hour:
No little bird was half ſo gay;
My face was mark'd with joy;
And every new-revolving day,
Heav'n bleſt the village boy.

My lambs I rear'd with tender care;
No flock had fleece ſo fine;
I thankful eat my homely fare,
And milk'd my lowing kine.
At eve, reclin'd by yon clear ſtream,
I tun'd my pipe with joy,
Or ſlumber'd in ſome pleaſing dream,
A happy village boy.

But

But ah! how chang'd each bliſsful ſcene
From me all comfort flies;
That peace which deck'd my brow ſerene,
Fond Love, at length, deſtroys.
I ſaw, and made my paſſion known;
The tear took place of joy;
Pity was all ſhe e'er could own
For her poor village boy.

THE WEEPING WILLOW.

A PASTORAL.

LOST to all, by Hope forſaken,
This lone bank ſhall be my pillow;
Joys no more theſe eyes awaken,
While reclin'd beneath this willow.

Draw the dew from yonder mountain,
Shed it o'er my moſſy pillow;
Borrow from the cryſtal fountain
Pearly tears, O weeping willow.

Sympathy's ſoft dews deſcending,
Though ſtole from a wat'ry billow,
Calm the grief that, now impending,
Binds my brows with wreaths of willow.

Gentle

Gentle zephyrs, round me blowing,
Wave thy branches o'er my pillow;
Murm'ring ſtreamlets, ſoftly flowing,
Strive to wean me from the willow.

Nightingales, melodious ſinging,
Bid me chooſe another pillow;
Village bells ſay as they're ringing,
" Lovely maid, O leave the willow."

'Tis in vain, for nought hath power
E'er to charm me from my pillow;
Winds may whiſtle, ſtorms may lower,
But I'll ſtay beneath my willow.

A STAR IN HEAVEN.

A PASTORAL.

O HAD I been a country maid,
To milk my lowing kine,
Or ſhepherdeſs, in yon lone glade,
What joy had then been mine!

Then bleſt with ſome fond humble ſwain,
Remote from town and noiſe,
I ne'er had wiſh'd to leave the plain
For more tumultuous joys.

Or had I been a village laſs,
To earn my lowly fare,
Pleas'd in a cot my life to paſs,
A ſpinning-wheel my care;

Then

Then had my breaſt no troubles known,
No ſorrows dim'd theſe eyes,
Contentment ſweet had been my own,
Contentment, all I prize.

Alas! fond maid, ceaſe, ceaſe this ſtrain,
Thy deſtiny ſevere
Condemns thee here to harbour Pain,
And feed her with a tear.

Hope's vermeil roſe, on thy pale cheeks,
No more is ſeen to glow;
Thy once bright eye a languor ſpeaks,
The penſive ſign of woe.

But Time, ſweet ſoother of all grief,
Shall calm thy troubled mind,
Bring to thy heart a kind relief,
Thy brow with olives bind.

For modeſt worth ſhall be repaid;
A recompence is giv'n;
And thou, a tender virtuous maid,
Shalt live a Star in Heav'n.

SONG.

EDMUND AND MARY.

LOVE's delights no more can charm;
Viſionary ſhade—Adieu;
Oft ſupported by thy arm,
Edmund, have I rov'd with you,

Through each mead and ſhady grove;
E'en a deſert had been ſweet,
Liſtening to thy tale of love,
While my panting boſom beat.

When thy voice melodious ſung,
Warbling forth thy Mary's praiſe,
Raptur'd how I fondly hung
On the ſound thy accents raiſe!

'Twas

'Twas thy worth which won my heart,
Noble, generous, true, and kind;
Cruel deſtiny to part
Breaſts like ours ſo fondly join'd!

Penſive oft I think on thee,
While remembrance ſwells the tear;
Sighing deep, I cry, "Ah me!
"Why, O Fortune! thus ſevere?"

Was there nothing elſe beſide,
Could award this cruel doom?
When I hop'd to be a bride,
Saw him hurl'd to his cold tomb;

Blooming in the prime of life,
Crown'd with laurels, Virtue's boaſt,
Foe to enmity and ſtrife,
Happy on his native coaſt.

Bleſs'd with me, he aſk'd no more;
Mary was his ſole delight;
Poverty ne'er left his door,
Unrequited with a mite.

But thoſe fleeting days are paſt;
This fond heart can never tell
How 'twas torn by pangs at laſt,
When my Edmund ſigh'd—Farewell!

SONG.

SONG.

POVERTY'S COT.

O MARY, once happy and gay,
Alas! now how chang'd, hapleſs maid;
Late baſking in Splendor's bright ray,
Now pining in Poverty's ſhade.

Thy lovers who flatter'd thy face,
Who courted not thee but thy ſtore,
Thought thou wert devoid of all grace,
When Poverty enter'd thy door.

They knew not the charms of thy mind:
They knew not thy beauty of heart;
But hop'd a gold coffer to find,
Nor dreamt of keen Poverty's dart.

Lament not thy loſs, don't complain;
For while thou art virtuous and mild,
Wiſe men thou'lt ne'er want in thy train,
Although thou art Poverty's child.

Thou'lt find in thy boſom a ſweet,
Which riches can never beſtow;
That dwells not always with the great,
But Poverty's hamlet may know.

'Tis Innocence, rob'd all in white,
Will ſoften thy pains though ſevere,
Enliven thy breaſt with delight,
And wipe away Poverty's tear.

'Tis balm that will ne'er fail to heal,
More pure than the down on the dove;
Affliction's ſharp pangs it can ſeal,
Although it may Poverty prove.

While bleſt with a treaſure ſo great,
Though poor, yet contented thy lot,
The rich, and the high in eſtate,
May envy e'en Poverty's Cot.

SONG.

CONQUEST.

LET others ſmile on thoughtleſs youth,
And try each winning art,
Though void of conſtancy and truth,
To conquer every heart:
I can't rejoice at others' woe;
One faithful heart my own,
I'll every tender care beſtow,
And live for him alone.

The butterfly that loves to range,
May pleaſe us for a day,
But youth and beauty ſoon muſt change,
And to old age give way:
Then I'll be conſtant as the dove,
That emblem dear to me,
Of peace, of happineſs, and love,
From care and ſorrow free.

A ſmile

A ſmile ſhall ornament my cot,
To welcome my lov'd ſwain,
To gaily cheer life's chequer'd lot,
And eaſe his every pain;
While to repay my tender love,
Each effort he will blend,
And by his kind attention prove
The lover, huſband, friend.

SONG.

SONG.

FIDELLE;

OR, THE

NEGRO CHILD.

AN outcaſt from my native home,
A helpleſs maid forlorn,
O'er dangerous ſeas I'm doom'd to roam,
From friends and country torn.
No mother's ſmile now ſooths my grief;
A Chriſtian me beguil'd;
But, ah! he ſcorns to give relief,
Or eaſe a poor black child.

My father now, unhappy man!
Weeps for his lov'd Fidelle,
And wonders much that Chriſtians can
Poor negroes buy and ſell:
O had you heard him beg and pray,
And ſeen his looks ſo wild!
He cried, "O let me bleſs this day;
"O ſpare my darling child!"

But, O! their hearts were hearts of ſtone;
They tore me from his arms;
A Chriſtian ſavage ſcoffs the groan
Caus'd by a black's alarms.
They chain'd me in this dungeon deep,
And on my ſorrows ſmil'd,
Then left, alas! to ſigh and weep,
The ſlave! the negro child!

SONNET

SONNET I.

TO MY MOTHER, DANGEROUSLY ILL.

COMPOSED IN A SLEEPLESS HOUR.

WHENCE are theſe fears? why tearful is this eye?
Why caſt that melancholy look around?
Why ſwells this breaſt with many a heaving ſigh?
Why daſh the cup of comfort to the ground?

I mourn a mother on a bed of pain;
I weep her anguiſh while I weep my own;
But ceaſe, poor mortal! ceaſe thee to complain,
Nor think that thou in miſery ſtand'ſt alone.

Ah, no! that thought's diſtraction: mark yon tread—
A little infant glides acroſs the floor;
Tipto'd approaches a fond mother's bed;
Peeps through the curtains—but I can no more.
O my poor wand'ring brain! ceaſe, eyes, to weep—
Cloſe them, O Death, in an eternal ſleep!

SONNET II.

TO AN INFANT BROTHER SLEEPING,

WHILE MY FATHER'S LIFE WAS DESPAIRED OF.

SLEEP on, ſweet innocent—how calm thy reſt!
No cares uneaſy ruffle thy repoſe;
Stranger to all that wounds a ſiſter's breaſt,
Thy face angelic with contentment glows.

Thou know'ſt not, little darling, that for thee
A ſiſter's eye now ſheds the bitter tear;
She claſps thee to her heart, and ſighs, "Ah me!
"Award, O Heav'n! thy threaten'd wrath ſevere.

"Spare, ſpare a parent, raiſe his dying head;
"Let not the iron-ſceptred monarch ſway;
"Station a guard of angels round his bed,
"And infant tones ſhall bleſs the auſpicious day
"Which gave a father to his children dear,
"And wip'd away his offspring's flowing tear."

SONNET

SONNET III.

TO A TAME GOLDFINCH,

NOW LIVING,

WHICH I HAVE HAD IN MY POSSESSION NEAR THIRTEEN YEARS.

SWEET little minſtrel! long my favorite care,
Sing cheerly on, and ſooth this beating breaſt:
Once ſmiling Fancy ſhow'd a viſion fair,
And Hope deceitful lull'd my griefs to reſt:
But, treacherous damſel, ſhe no more ſhall plead,
Or cauſe again this ſorrowing heart to bleed.

Thrice happy bird! how peaceful is thy lot,
Perch'd on my finger, ſtranger to a fear,
Aſſur'd of kind protection, in my cot
Thou chant'ſt, unmindful of my flowing tear.

Propitious, gentle warbler, be thy doom;
But Happineſs with me muſt never dwell,
Till I have gain'd, alas! a clay-cold tomb,
And weeping friends have toll'd my paſſing-bell.

SONNET IV.

TO A BEGGAR GIRL.

POOR little beggar girl, how hard thy lot;
Not rags enough to ſave thee from the froſt;
No much-lov'd home! no warm paternal cot!
Poor wand'ring child, alas! how art thou loſt!

Thy ſhoeleſs feet quite crippled by the cold;
A tear turn'd icicle on thy ſad face:
Here, take my mite; had I the means, I'd fold
Thee to my heart, and fill a mother's place.

But take the little all I have to give,
And with it mild Compaſſion's ſtreaming tear;
Had I a ſtore, thou ſhouldſt of that receive;
Misfortune's child is to this boſom dear:
But though I can't a raiſing hand extend,
Remember, Heaven will prove the orphan's friend.

SONNET V.

TO HEART'S-EASE.

SAY, favorite flower, of pleaſing hues and ſmell,
In what propitious ſoil thou lov'ſt to grow?
Where is thy home? ſay, art thou fond to dwell
With e'en a child of Miſery and Woe?

Or ſeek'ſt thou thoſe who feel Love's ſovereign power,
There to recline on a fond lover's breaſt?
Think'ſt thou it beats reſponſive to each hour,
Attun'd to peace, to hope, and tranquil reſt?

Say, in the ſplendid palace art thou found?
Or in the cottage humble and obſcure?
Fain would I ſee thy favorite ſpot of ground;
But, treacherous flower, thou art known but to allure
With hope fallacious: here thou haſt no trace,
But bloom'ſt in Paradiſe, thy native place.

SONNET VI.

TO THE LOVE-APPLE.

HENCE! far away, I own thee not, fair fruit;
Lovely to view, but an inſidious gueſt;
Where'er thy fibres wind, where thou haſt root,
Too oft a ſubtle canker gnaws the breaſt.

At firſt thou art fragrant, and thy taſte is ſweet;
But e'en that ſweet a bitter can impart;
Delicious poiſon, willing ſlaves, we eat,
And lay up future ſorrow for the heart.

Happy the maid who knows thee but by name,
Her virgin boſom heaves no ſtifled ſigh;
Health's bluſhing tints her peaceful mind proclaim,
And ſparkling joy beams from her radiant eye:
Far different thoſe who learn thy taſte to approve;
She boaſts no roſy cheek who knows to love.

SONNET VII.

TO MUSIC.

OCCASIONED BY SINGING SOME VERSES WHICH I HAD WRITTEN.

WHAT means this touch, ſo tremuloufly clear?
Why ſhake theſe fingers o'er the ivory keys?
Why flows, alas! the involuntary tear?
Why ſinks this voice, once Henry form'd to pleaſe?

Another may without emotion ſing,
But I, alas! theſe verſes never view,
But cruel Memory will my ſorrows bring
Before my ſight, and dim my eyes with dew.

The tears flow down ſo faſt, I ſcarcely ſee
E'en the ſad lines which pierce anew my heart:
But come, ſweet Muſic, bid my ſorrows flee
Awhile, and blunt keen Recollection's dart;
Beguile, at leaſt, one tedious penſive hour,
And ſooth me with thy ſoft, thy magic power.

SONNET VIII.

TO MELANCHOLY.

ALL hail to Melancholy, wandering maid,
Who moves with ſtep ſo ſolemn, ſad, and ſlow,
Among the woods in yon untrodden glade,
The penſive offſpring of Deſpair and Woe.

See now ſhe ſtops! regardleſs of the rain;
No flowing tears relieve her grief-worn heart;
Madneſs has pierc'd with deſpot hand her brain,
And left corroſive there a venom'd dart.

Ah, hapleſs maid! no more ſhall Friendſhip charm
The hidden anguiſh of thy beating breaſt,
No more ſhall Love thy ſnowy boſom warm,
Or huſh thy throbbing griefs to peaceful reſt,
Save when the laſt ſhrill trump ſhall loudly blow;
Then Heaven ſhall raiſe the long-loſt child of woe.

SONNET IX.

TO A TOLLING BELL.

PONDER awhile!—whence are the tones I hear?
What means, alas! that ſolemn-ſounding bell?
Why flows, ſpontaneous flows, the guſhing tear?
Ah me! its next may beat my paſſing knell.

'Tis not o'er age alone Death boaſts his power,
He graſps with more than mortal ſtrength his prey;
The mother's pride, the father's hopeful flower,
Oft bend, alas! to his terrific ſway.

O conquering ſcourge of ſin! we feel thy hand;
All ſhare alike the inevitable doom:
But think not thou ſhalt always bear command;
Mercy divine will raiſe us from the tomb.
O Grave, thy victory; O Death, thy ſting,
To me will nought but joyful tidings bring.

SONNET X.

TO THE INHABITANT OF A TOMB.

PEACE to thee, gentle ſhade! ſweet be thy reſt;
Though loſt to all the world, thou art not to me;
Thy image dwells within this penſive breaſt,
Where fond Affection rais'd an urn to thee.

If worldly ſorrows claim my thoughts awhile,
I haſte to call the fooliſh wanderers home,
Reflect a moment on thy heaven-born ſmile,
And ſee mild Peace, angelic goddeſs, come.

Her look perſuaſive chaſes every care,
Her touching voice ſpeaks comfort to my heart;
The unaſſuming, meek, and modeſt fair,
In pity to my pain, extracts the dart,
Applies, celeſtial maid, an inward charm,
And bids ſweet Hope again this boſom warm.

SONNET XI.

TO A DREAM.

STAY, fleeting viſion, ſtay thee yet awhile;
Why, airy phantom, why this haſte to go?
Beam once again on me thy peaceful ſmile;
So ſoft, ſo ſweet, it ſooths corroding woe.

Seek'ſt thou etherial regions far away,
Beyond the reach of mortals' bounded ſight,
Where ſtarry manſions of eternal day
Reſplendent ſhine, with heavenly glory bright?

Thou beckon'ſt, gentle ſhade!—O, thou art kind!
I yield myſelf to thy protecting arms;
Aſſur'd, that where thou liv'ſt there I ſhall find
Fair Eden's bower and Heaven's untaſted charms.
United ſpirits now, we mount, we fly,
Nor ſtop till gain'd yon bliſsful manſion high.

SONNET XII.

TO PEACE.

O WHERE is thy retreat, thou heaven-born maid?
I've ſought thee 'mid the great, the rich, the gay,
The crowded town, the grove, the echoing glade,
In cot, in palace; yet unknown thy way.

Why fly me, cruel maid? ſure 'tis unkind.
I mount the craggy rock, deſcend the ſteep,
Tell the ſoft breeze the ſorrows of my mind,
Then ſit me on ſome maſſy ſtone, and weep,
Where the rough waves roll o'er the ſhelly ground,
And ſooth me with their hoarſe, their hollow ſound.

The days appear as months, the nights as years;
Time, lingering time, with me no longer flies:
Come, gentle maid, in pity to my tears,
Compoſe my griefs, and dry my ſtreaming eyes.

SONNET XIII.

TO RELIGION.

HEAVEN's beſt and choiceſt gift, friend of my ſoul,
Angelic maid, in humble habit clad,
Thy mild commands my erring thoughts control,
And bid my drooping heart again be glad.

Sweet are thy laws, O angel bright and fair;
Happy the maid who feels thy heavenly powers;
Thy hand can ſmooth the wrinkled brow of Care,
And deck my head with never-fading flowers.

How loſt are thoſe who ſcorn thy gentle ſway!
They little know the ſweets thou canſt impart;
Heaven's wondrous works they thoughtleſs view each day,
Nor raiſe one pure thankſgiving from the heart:
Forgive them, Heaven! ſend true repentance down,
Nor kill them with thy angry, wrathful frown.

SONNET XIV.

TO INFANCY.

How oft with Poetry I've ſooth'd my grief,
And hung enraptur'd on the Muſe's lute!
The Muſe, alas! now fails to give relief,
Nor boaſts a balm for ſorrows deep as mine.

Bleſt were the days, when erſt a child I play'd
Among the hawthorns in my native vale;
Stranger to trouble, nought my joys allay'd,
Or caus'd a tear, except the pilgrim's tale,

As paſſing on he ſpied the wicker gate,
Almoſt obſcur'd by many a deepening ſhade;
Leant on his crutch, he told his wayward fate,
And claim'd compaſſion from the meek-ey'd maid.
Ah me! the charms of infancy are paſt;
But Heaven, kind Heaven! will give a home at laſt.

THE END.